SAN FRANCISCO PUBLIC LIBRARY
3 1223 00714 4849

PUBLIC
S.F.
LIBRARY

SAN FRANCISCO PUBLIC LIBRARY
3 1223 00[redacted]9

BOOK NO.	ACCESSION
979.498 D285w	304435

SAN FRANCISCO PUBLIC LIBRARY
VITA SINE LITERIS MORS EST

MAY 15 '88

DATE DUE

MAR -	4 1994		
			Printed in USA

Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2026

https://archive.org/details/wherecaliforniab0000wini

Winifred Davidson

Where California Began

By
WINIFRED DAVIDSON

FIRST EDITION

COPYRIGHT, 1929
By Winifred Davidson
All rights reserved.

McIntyre Publishing Company
San Diego, California

979.498
D285w

304435

UNBROKEN STILLNESS

Unbroken stillness where our canyons wind—
Before vast Spanish herds came here to browse;
Before these hills made wander-ways for cows—
A breathlessness; while putting Time behind
Throughout that long old waiting, and a kind
Of awful spell among the rigid boughs
Where ancient trees from dreams could not arouse,
Point Loma lay unnamed. Years, years declined.

Who heard the ringing of Cabrillo's bells
Where naught but muffled breezes breathed before?
Who saw the magic lifting, quickened swells?
Three frightened wild men leapt along this shore;
The first to greet those stately caravels,
Victoria and high **San Salvador.**

* * *

Not in vaunting mood, not making of an insignificance a matter of large and outstanding importance; but honestly to recall and affectionately to emphasize an interesting and somewhat romantic fact, these pages are written. It matters not greatly that the world in general does not remember . . . has never known perhaps . . . that the place where the West began was the place where California began; and that the place where California began was the promontory of Point Loma. And yet, to lovers hereafter—lovers of justice as well as lovers of romance—it does truly matter that until quite recently not more than a score of Californians have accurately found their way to one

or the other of those always somewhat forlorn Point Loma beaches where California's discoverer landed. The day is here when explanations are demanded for the submerging beneath unimportant local annals of facts whose high significance alone linked old California Alta with world history.

Part of a great and growing city, the residential district on Point Loma may seem as conventionally correct and uninteresting as any other pretentious suburb of an enterprising town; but the residential district is not all of Loma. It is within the United States Government Military Reservation of Fort Rosecrans that lie the sun-drenched, unspoiled acres where he whom we incorrectly name Juan Cabrillo in 1542 first walked; where in 1602 Sebastián Vizcaíno built on smooth sands a temporary house of prayer; where the first Spanish graves were heaped; where in 1769 the first California coast beacon was lighted; off which early in the nineteenth century the first and only California naval battle was fought; where unofficially and with insolence to the government under whose laws its makers were living, the stars and stripes, the American flag, first welcomed into California waters ships from Yankeeland; where the first international elopement took place; where in the middle years of the nineteenth century coal was sought by a company of Mormon soldiers, and a shaft sunk . . . These and other beginnings take old Loma out of the class of the accustomed and the expected. Its history is actually world lore.

Future translations of Spanish and Mexican archives may disprove many conjectures of those historians upon whose work this small volume of information, legend and tradition has drawn. Bancroft, Hittell, George Davidson, Chapman, Richman, Engelhardt, even Padre Palou himself, had not all the facts concerning the discovery and development of California

Alta spread plainly before them when they set down their varying stories. All the facts are not yet available. But, one truth-seeker opens the way for another; and, at last, after the flight and the brooding of many thought-wings, actualities come flutteringly alive. Then the world knows what was hidden; and the future reveals itself to have been the abiding place of the secrets of the past.

Hints and suggestions; guides perhaps for other more profound and patient researchers, are all statements here made. To pick out and make somewhat more legible lonely old Loma's small story from among the mass of romantic and sordid details that comprise the great California record—somewhat as one might pick out and mark one single strand of somber colored wool running through a big bright silken pattern—is all that is here attempted. Had the master historians and professional information-gatherers everywhere slighted it less, there would be no excuse for my trying to retell the Point Loma story. Trying! Someday someone will tell it with a copiousness of incident, with a shining of interpretation that will furnish material for rather splendid pageantry.

WHERE CALIFORNIA BEGAN

Although for years naught but dimmed memory
Of Loma Indians, resting weary shanks,
Held record of the leathern-armored ranks
Who on this sheltered beach bent pious knee,
We know 'twas here, safe from a storming sea,
Where echoed from these red eroded banks
On white untrodden sands Cabrillo's thanks
That California first began to be.

The sea itself has known no change; the same
Sun smites high Table Mountain, San Miguel,
Globed Cuyamac, as when Cabrillo came.
Cabrillo! Our young larks of Loma tell
How other young larks trilled his magic name
Who here broke California's age-held spell.

* * *

What emotions had Juan Rodríguez—whom all unite in misnaming Juan Cabrillo—and his small brave company that September afternoon, when, safe within our Silver Gate, they disembarked, eased the scurvy-stricken, offered prayers of thanks for dry land, and then stood up and looked about? Under their boot-soles at last the soil of California! As within a protecting arm, California enfolded the stalwarts; so that, like home-coming children, they could look back over the paths they had traveled.

Twenty-four miles southeastward and about six miles inland, across the narrowing bay and a broad swerve of the ocean shore-line, Table Mountain stood

up out of Lower California; like the roof of one of those squared old-world palaces wherein the newcomers had once perhaps known familiar corridors. Northward from Table Mountain, San Miguel was a dimple in the sky. Still farther north, Cuyamaca seemed a vast domed cathedral. The bay that upon first entering had been nothing but a secluded cove, now unwound leagues upon leagues beyond the sand flats helping to guard the harbor entrance. The sun, setting behind the headland, cast blue and purple shadows which ran swiftly over the argent sea to meet up-hurrying night.

Difficult it is to leap in thought from the day that is here and the activities that are now, back to such a scene of lonely emptiness as that upon which Cabrillo rested his eyes. Today there was an important speedboat contest on the bay; a dreadnaught has churned the channel; and cruisers, destroyers, submarines, merchantmen and passenger craft have steamed in and out. Streetcars carrying unwonted crowds have clanged for right-of-way disputed by manoeuvering automobiles. Airships have throbbed overhead all day, alarmingly noisy, alarmingly near. City-dwellers who have never before ventured so far from the centers of trade have surged to the water's edge out upon the southwesternmost point of land in the United States—a promontory nameless when Cabrillo first saw it four centuries since; up to two—or three—or four years ago a place scarcely known with intimacy except to a few dream-delighting hearts. To others it has been lonely emptiness merely.

One winter's morning I picked up at the tip of Ballast Point—at a place where Cabrillo may well have walked and knelt—the second edition of **The United States Coast Pilot for the Pacific Coast:** an old and yellowed volume which sprawled on the beach, awaiting the next wavelet to wash it away. For the lighthouse

keeper down there it had become rubbish. Someone had cast it toward the conveniently swirling current which once brought Cabrillo into port; which continues twice daily to carry seaward all that it can lay salty wet fingers upon. For me, however, the book had value; even a degree of preciousness. It was like one of Whitman's "letters from God." Casually tossed forth, it was especially mine: it gave figures—authentic measurements—for Point Loma heights and directions and peculiarities which for more than a score of years had been in my eyes beauties simply; shapes indescribable of light and mist and shadow. The water-bubbled, salt-encrusted pages yielded this trustworthy information about the place where California began:

> Point Loma, the western point at the entrance, is the southern point of a ridge about 400 feet high and 5½ miles long in a north and south direction. It is bare of trees except in the gullies, and where planted around the houses . . . otherwise sparsely covered with grass, sage brush and cactus. At a distance it is usually raised as an island. The lighthouse . . . is situated on the southern extremity of the point. On a nearer approach the old tower, on the highest part of the hill immediately back of the point, the Bennington Monument 1½ miles, the tall masts of the wireless-telegraph station 2½ miles . . . northward from the lighthouse will be distinguished on the crest of the hill. A thick bed of kelp extends 1½ miles southward from Point Loma and northward of the point for nearly 5 miles parallel to the beach and about 1 mile off-shore.

California, for Cabrillo, was this "ridge about 400

feet high and 5½ miles long . . . bare of trees, sparsely covered with grass, sage brush and cactus." He stood somewhere on Point Loma. And with this very truly heroic adventurer's arrival here began California Alta —that sunny province of Spain which became the golden state of the North American republic. Our California beginning date is September 28, 1542; a date which gathers considerable importance when it is remembered in connection with the rather recent later voyages of Columbus, with the settlement of English and Dutch colonies in Massachusetts, Maryland, Pennsylvania and New York. It is a date oftenest compared with 1620 when from the Mayflower the Pilgrim Fathers landed upon Plymouth Rock. After Cabrillo and his companions raised their prayerful thanks on Loma, before those earliest God-fearing immigrants to the province of Massachusetts knelt praying in the snows about Plymouth, more than seventy-eight years were slowly added to the sum of Time.

We in America have long counted our time by England's; have compared our events against England's events. In terms of English history, then, it may be enlightening to us to note that Henry VIII—energetic, headstrong, amatory and astonishingly magnificent personage whom the world can never forget—was reigning sumptuously when on Point Loma doughty Cabrillo was stretching his sea legs. The terrors and turmoils, infidelities and intrigues of Mary and of Elizabeth had passed; and the stupendous stupidities of James the First were ending when the grave-visaged, ardent-hearted Pilgrims came up out of the sea on bleak New England's shore. Shakespeare and Bacon and Spenser were not yet born when to California's summer strongholds came Cabrillo; while great Shakespeare and Spenser the elegant were both dead, and Bacon had but six years more in which to continue

to tread his brilliant path when the Mayflower waged its wintry battle across the Atlantic.

During this long period of nearly eight decades the face of earth and the thought-life of man had completely changed. Seamen like Cabrillo who were in the thick of glory and of splendid achievement in the second quarter of the sixteenth century would not have been able—had they then reappeared—to understand the qualities that went into proud and noble enterprises in the first quarter of the seventeenth century.

Cabrillo's time whispered of fountains of youth, isles of silver, isles of gold; while the Pilgrims' time had become rather more fact-demanding. Copernicus, for instance, after moving inconspicuously about his small place, had put forth his theory that, instead of being the very center of the universe about which all the heavens revolved, this globe was only an infinitesimal satellite in motion around the central sun. Copernicus had thus built a new earth; and, paradoxically, a vastly enlarged earth. The Pilgrims were advance specimens of a new race . . . uplooking, outreaching, independent-thinking men.

Because of far discoveries—of new countries and of new sciences and new religious beliefs—the hearts of all Europe were in the seventeenth century lightened by renewed and spiritually brightened hopes. Every horizon had widened by the time the Pilgrims set sail.

But, during the earlier years of the sixteenth century, men like Juan Cabrillo and his seafaring contemporaries were living among intuitions, guesses; setting their minds upon ports unknown . . . North, South, East and West . . . and building, the lowliest among them, a waking dream of Eldorado. They were envisioning lands of undying delight that awaited those who dared fare forth from home; in climes that were never too hot nor too cold; where in gardens of

inviolable beauty jetted fountains whose blessed waters, falling upon a man's body decrepit and aged, baptized it unto eternal happy boyhood; where sat high cities whose principal thoroughfares, shops and dwellings shone by night and by day because of the pure gold of which they were constructed and of the rare gems with which they were adorned.

For Cabrillo was marching his brothers up the gentle Loma hillocks and over the devious Loma trails while yet Spain was the crowding, the vital spirit of an illusion-weaving age; while Spain still felt the rush of a superb and irrepressible though somewhat fantastic energy. But, the Spanish star was darkly setting; and England was under a cloud arising out of religious uncertainties when the Pilgrims became voluntary exiles in Massachusetts. Stern realities drove the Mayflower westward; romance at least intermittently wafted the San Salvador and the Victoria northward up the Pacific Coast.

Boston, the eastern states, the Atlantic seaboard never have overshadowed and never will overshadow Plymouth Rock. That actual spot where the Mayflower voyagers debarked will forever hold respectful attention. A national shrine that granite ledge has rightfully come to be; a place hallowed, which the remotest generations of Americans will remember and continue to hold dearest. But who are they who recognize and appreciate the importance, as an American beginning, of our western Plymouth—Point Loma? Nearby towns and crying cities, all loud-boasting California, all the clamorous Golden West drown the voice of Loma.

It is a waste-strewn small beach on ancient La Playa or another beach over on Ballast Point—Ballast Point itself being a tiny flat peninsula projected into San Diego Bay from the larger peninsula of Point Loma proper—where, boldly adventuring in God's and in the

Spanish King's name, the Portuguese Juan Rodríguez (Cabrillo) thought he had discovered one of those desirable isles of the world's dream. On Point Loma he had arrived where he had long hoped to arrive: at California. On Point Loma the reason for perils, hungers and privations; for the sicknesses of his men; for the deaths of friends and helpers whom he could ill spare, was made plain. After toils terrible, after vigilances unprecedented, after wavering reliance upon the protection of all the saints and angels in heaven, California with the gesture of a benign friend had beckoned him into a safe anchorage.

But Cabrillo had reached no island of vision; nor city shining on far heights. If anywhere on the shadowed promontory were seen dwellings, they were only the poor square-cornered, willow-woven and tule-thatched shelters of the Indians. Ramadas, the Spaniards afterwards taught the Diegueños to name their native, basket-like houses—which never became substantial human habitations, never became homes. Yet, Cabrillo's hopes were here fulfilled. Though he hurried northward from Point Loma, he had in reality here reached a land of long delight; where sunshine had ever been and would continue to be the golden habit of all days; where every noontime of the world a breeze that was neither too strong nor too feeble, neither too hot nor too cold, had winged in from the sea; where all afternoons ocean, sky, bay and rimming mountains had burned from turquoise to sapphire, and had deepened on toward evening's violet and midnight's dark blue blooming.

It is to be constantly remembered that later-discovered Spanish or Mexican documents may reveal with exactitude the spot where Cabrillo first landed; but to those who have in this generation best known Point Loma, a beach within a few feet of ten fathoms

water, within two minutes' pull in a small boat, seems the more probable of the discoverer's two possible landing places. Ballast Point or old La Playa (not the modern suburb of that name) marks the place.

Ballast Point must have had its appeal to those shore-hugging navigators! The sword-tip that is Ballast Point, and the crescent that was old La Playa—a mile away—are, however, both Point Loma beaches; and on one or on the other, wherever those first salt-water strangers stood at gaze that afternoon of late September in 1542, they saw behind them the frowning crest of the headland; its dwarfed bushes patterning with splotches of gray, brown and brown-purple all the slopes.

The winter rains in all probability had not yet begun; and, except in the moist draws, where bunch grass may have sprouted, the mood was austerely late-summer. There were no pure reds; no blues, except those of sea and sky. Neither marsh pinks nor hillside poppies shone. The last days of September customarily know no hues brighter than the lingering brick and henna tones of dried dew plants and of withered wild buckwheat; tones vividly repeated in the rusty streaks of the eroded cliffs.

What emotions held Cabrillo and his mates that afternoon and evening we cannot know; none the less, if among them were the average type human, that prototype of the modern tourist stood up to say that California could be beautiful. Perhaps even, as he rocked in his hammock that night, there stole over his sleeping senses, out of the welter and confusion of his seaman's aches and troubles, a prophetic content. Perhaps he, the first Point Loman, found himself serenely at home.

OLD TRAILS

Up from the lonely days that dawned remote—
That dawned and beat on Loma but to sink
And die—forgotten little paths that link
Old beaches with old hills were slowly wrought.
Perhaps a native willow-plaited boat
Ventured at times along the island's brink;
But these thin trails quick Indian feet, I think,
Had stamped before canoes were made to float.

Out of a trackless dream, through age-held nights,
Through slow returns of darkness to long sleep,
Where antelope and rabbit shared old rights
To secret runways, banked and sunken deep
In grass and fern, arose these streets whose lights
Across to mountain, sea, sky, city . . . leap.

* * *

Wherever on Loma Cabrillo stood, he saw two permanencies: the stunted, wind-worried bushes and the Indian trails. Before Cabrillo's coming there had wheeled cycles upon cycles, while the only changes were from quietudes to other quietudes. Here nothing happened, we say superficially and untruthfully, during those unthinkable deliberate periods when wind and rain were the only recording agents—writing and obliterating and writing again—which is, of course, the wisest rule for all writers. Nothing happened. Nothing could happen; for white man with inky words dripping at his fingers' ends came not. Came only those wise inarticulate, Nature's intimate household of forgetters,

Indians. Ages passing, the mountainous island of which the present Point Loma is but a shallow remnant, towered at times three thousand feet above, and sank again until it lay close to the level of the sea. Along the very old trails on the headland are found those raised beaches, torrent-carried boulders, sandstone ledges, aeolian deposits, dips and turns of strata marking the major biologic ages, and other indexes of the past, by which the geologist answers hundreds of thousands of years to the question, How old is the present Point Loma?

Trails through the canyons reveal the past: trails through the hillside chaparral gardens; trails along the present sea and bay shore.

It is a western favorite, the word trail. Its eastern equivalents, path and track have never gained popularity on the Pacific coast. The reason lies between neighbors and solitude; between safety and danger. A trail through a wilderness in the American West was always beset with adventure from its beginning to its end. It went from nowhere to nowhere. It was exposed to heat by day and to cold by night; death-dealing creatures were near it, and food and water far. It seldom became a popular thoroughfare. But a path through woods in the East would hurry from one group of sheltering roofs to another; and it turned itself into a country road, or a town street within a very short time.

The paths on Loma were all Indian trails. This was the Indians' hunting and fishing grounds, their picnicking place during the summer months. During the autumn they went up to Palomar Mountain, where the oaks strew acorns generously. From one nowhere to another, the Loma-Palomar track may seem to us to have progressed; but the distance between seafood and breadstuffs was a matter of seventy or eighty miles.

Coahuillas, or Cahuillas, a name that Bancroft surmises was Spanishized from Ka-we-a, were these local Indians. Diegueños, of whom there were innumerable small families, they were called by the Spanish colonists; obviously because they were considered subjects of San Diego Mission authorities. Differing from the great tribes of the East, these western natives grouped themselves not according to social or political organizations, but by dialects which were by them understood; and by villages where friends and relatives gathered. If a western Indian spoke in an unfamiliar dialect, or named an unknown village home, that Indian was a stranger and an enemy.

Within a limited area the California Indians were wanderers, though they were not nomads. Indian feet tramped and shaped every long trail from the hilltops to the sea. Already, when Cabrillo's feet moved along the Loma beach trail, he might have followed it up to Cuyamaca, where another cleared by much running upon it by Indians of other forgotten ages, was beckoning into the gold lands, the north lands, Spaniards of the southlands. You can travel no single mile in rural southwest California unaccompanied by the ghosts of those silent running men of long ago; and even where an artery of city traffic suddenly swoops or dips or for no modern reason turns a corner, you may be sure that you are paying, in wasted moments, your personal tribute to some ancient obstacle in an Indian trail: a clump of cactus, a deeply imbedded sandstone boulder, a useful old tree, a rattlers' den.

El Camíno Reál, than which California has no more interesting trail, was an Indian route long before it was trodden by the sandalled Franciscan. The concrete looks new, the line fences have fresh paint, the little shrubs alongside have only begun to accustom themselves to roadway breezes and dust; so that one

may believe that he is travelling a recently built speedway; but he is fleeing down one of the old, old wilderness trails. Back somewhere along the flow of unrecorded ages came a morning when an Indian ran across a flowered meadow; and the mark of his crossing that day remained upon trampled violet and crushed artemisia. Again he walked there . . . another Indian followed or approached him . . . and thus the so new, so solid, so mathematically precise pavement over which you fancy yourself one of the earliest to journey, was there begun. Back there in dimmest days of time! Every route we open leads us to destinations of antiquity. Every road is an invitation to recall mankind's first steps out into the world.

Many Indian trails exist still on Point Loma—not ghostly trails discerned only by the aid of imagination; but the actual scars upon the earth remain. There are little easy ways of climbing from beach to crest; of hurrying through chaparral along steep hillsides. You stoop from an Indian trail to gather April-blooming shooting stars and tidytips and fern; and the same trail leads you on to other and other clumps of wild flowers such as have sprung perennially since the red soil began to teem with seeds of beauty. Most of the trails are tiny, and half-hidden. Many are gone. A few—two in particular—that were once small ways of silence have been turned into modern tumultuous thoroughfares.

One was the Playa trail; the other the "Rocks" trail. They converged upon "an almost perpendicular descent of some thirty or forty feet" which led into that wide sandy ravine made by the pouring of San Diego River at times of freshet into the San Diego Bay. The "Rocks" trail came up from that limitless mussel bed on the ocean front about where the present Ocean Beach lies—by far the finest beach on all Point Loma.

The Playa trail attained some degree of fame: down it Don Pío Pico bore his young cousin, Josefa Carrillo, galloping swiftly on the best of his many good racers, the night that young lady in 1828 eloped aboard the Vulture bound southward for Valparaiso, Chile, with Captain Henry Delano Fitch of New Bedford. And over this same trail Richard Henry Dana, Jr. sped on his first day of liberty from the hide ship, Pilgrim, that brought him to Point Loma for a year's lonely, drudging sojourn. After easy "grassy ways" had been forgotten, he remembered this trail of hardships and homesickness and came back to walk upon it, and to renew the heart which had been his in this wilderness. Alfred D. Robinson describes his own ride over it, up from La Playa to Old Town, one afternoon of 1828. "Barren of interest," except for the sudden clamber down the declivity that carried him out upon Dutch Flats—a modern name, of course—before the clustered adobe houses of the Spanish settlers, he called it: "barren of interest," and yet, he too, remembered it with tears in his heart. "As smooth and even as a ballroom floor," Major George Derby (whose contributions to a local newspaper earned for it the name, "Punch of the West") called it, when one afternoon in the middle of the nineteenth century he was whirled over it in a wagon "drawn by two wild mules."

Barnett and Lytton Avenues and Rosecrans and Canyon streets are modern thoroughfares which, like the little roads of Weissnichtswo, lead one out into the great teeming marts of the world; thoroughfares they are that were first Indian trails. Barnett and Lytton concrete covers the old "Rocks" trail; Rosecrans the Playa trail. About a mile South of the Government line, the latter highway leads through Canyon street to the Loma crest, and continues over a dirt road to the upper gate of the reservation. Indian trails, every one! And

when the Playa trail had found its principal destination on the beach, it used to go up into a broad-floored canyon and spread a network of paths that came out, united, upon the ridge; there forming another wide and hard white road; wind-swept forever; and always in sun and in rain, clean and shining. It went then, as now, to the highest point on the crest, where "Old Spanish" Light was once a star of the deep.

Between these two chief trails, the "Rocks" and the Playa, were many, many others. One cross trail was the original of Bayard Taylor's "El Paso del Mar." It was a denuded ridge trail behind La Playa. Over it a hundred years ago cattlemen from California Baja, Indian traders from all the back hills, friars from San Luis Rey, from Pala and from Santa Ysabel as well as from the mission of San Diego de Alcalá, rode or tramped down to the anchorage. "El Paso del Mar" is almost wholly rained away and blown into the sea; yet, reflecting a westering sun, the tawny cliffs which tell us where once it boldly ran stand high and conspicuous. They are sculptured to the semblance of a thousand crowding minarets. They are remote now, and inaccessible to modern wayfarers. They are become for us a veritable trail of dream.

The feet of children of the sun and of wild animals made the Loma trails. From the window of a Santa Fe coach late in the afternoon of an April day long ago, I first saw them zigzagging over the greening hills. Upward to sun altars they all led, I noted when in a carriage behind a slow horse I progressed that evening over one of a dozen that led by beach and mesa to Loma heights . Closed then was the mesembryanthemum—"amethyst moss," the flower of noon—which is as much at home on Loma as upon the steeps around Athens, and which would next day opening to the sunlight dazzle my eyes with its miles of satin ribbons.

But crushed sage was like temple incense; wood doves, symbols of sacrifice, fluttered low; and ground owls scattered near like small gray ghosts of ancient worshipers. Antiquity lay about that trail. Time then still pointed backward for Point Loma. Cabrillo would have found upon it familiar paths; for in all the long centuries since his coming the place had remained what he found it: a lonely, lovely, neglected garden; through which often wreathed sea-mist like smoke from cedar boughs; its paths cloistered, shutting in and covering over the romantic habit of days that once brightened and are not to shine again.

Something there used to be precious and intimately our own in the unchanging serenity of Loma's secret aisles. Neighbors were few. Each group felt that to it belonged the choicest of all views of placid bay or of heaving ocean, or of the twinkling near city or of the threatening far-off mountains. Owners of a few hundred square feet of its virgin soil, we possessed all primeval Loma . . . and Loma on sweet summer nights could become a mystic ship moving unhurriedly upward. Embarked upon it, we felt ourselves emerging quite near celestial heights. In our silent small devotions we became friends of the silent stars who have ever shared with the sun the propitiatory offerings of Time-bewildered man; and we imagined that here at last we had begun to understand their cosmic indifference. How quiet it used to be!

Quiet! Under a gray sky, thin rain spread upon the ridge, I have seen Point Loma like a gray leviathan adrift. And, looking at it across the bay, standing on a sunny street of Coronado or of San Diego, I have thought that still bulk rising above the lustrous Pacific symbolized the essential tranquillity of the universe. And again, when, after jaunts abroad among strange towns rather far away, we hurried at last Lomaward,

homeward, those big and ample quietudes expanded with every whirl of wheels by which we gained upon the solitude we best knew. Home was where a little old trail led us into the heart of everlasting peace.

There is a loveliness which depends upon no adornment for its appeal to the human emotion of admiration. Like the clean shapeliness of Greek poetry, the mere form of a Castilian rose is enough to win our praise; the sketchiest outline of a mariposa lily satisfies our need for glimpses of perfection. So, one who from North Island's shore, or from a ship's deck at sea, or from the La Jolla highway, has seen Point Loma—the length and character of its trail-scarred shape—has seen a beauty that never needed tree or palace, sunshine or moonlight or silver slanting rain upon it to complete its power of enchantment. A rugged curving foreland that rises like an altar; broadening and flattening as it rises, southward to the sea; ocean-girt, a stern majesty. It presents an impregnable wall of sandstone to the assaulting waves: an altar banked and bulwarked against the night.

Nearly five hundred feet the vision travels, from the rollers that strangely square themselves across Point Loma's front to the little wooden dome that on "Old Spanish" Light has long since replaced the glass cage of that ineffectual beacon. Frowning cliffs of red-brown sandstone sustain the promontory on tne West and South; and on the East it melts genially into many a little pebbled cove and sandy beach. Canyons, deep or shallow; wide valleys and sharp clefts, wooded and bare in patches, afford adventure to this day. And whatever trail your feet may choose, your hands will be everywhere along it gathering pungent herbs that will remind you constantly of the clean breath of out-door prayers.

The old altar was ever colorful, though none could

know the mixtures of whites, pinks, violets and blues that composed that mystic purple shadowing until on foot he was actually penetrating canyons and climbing hillocks. Now Point Loma's gay hues are a noise merely. White castles of the headland's newest enthusiasts flaunt the most modernistic of scarlets and blues, like tongues of flame and banners of cobalt; and they crowd the native flowerets from their ancient trail-side holdings. Colorful it has been always; though from afar Point Loma's altar seemed but a dark and stony shape, a monument to eternal brooding silence.

Much of its beauty departed with the advent upon this sea hill of town enterprises; that is, of paved roads with streetcars thundering up and down them; with building operations deafening and untidily bordering them; with sightseers and peddlers infesting them. The Indians, the decorative Indians, are long since gone. The lovely little wood doves are vanishing from the vales. All but a few small bevies of crested quail have disappeared. Coyote has made his last secret runway. And, though the lark, the linnet and the mockingbird remain, the seamed hills and criss-crossed shore meadows are seen to be taking a wild and irrevocable farewell of that devout repose that was once Point Loma's tenderest charm.

Cabrillo's coming was timed to that season when sky-shows are best. The spectacle of dawn flowing over the pathless eastern hills must have awed him next morning; when, gilded, bronzed and touched with running fire, Point Loma's head became an emblem of perpetual adoration; and when, at nightfall, it gathered the embers of sunset and long kept them smouldering, that first comer must have been filled with a sense of home-coming, of strange familiarity, as with places where he had walked in dream, where he discerned the

beginnings on the shore of enticing footpaths that seemed to lead him up to the bright sky's edge.

Decomposed granite, hardpan and clay, washed by torrential winter rains and baked by long hot summer noons, formed those enduring footpaths that in the eighteenth century become oxcart trails, and in the twentieth century are fast becoming highways known to all the world. As barren as flagstone pavements, no wild flowers and no native shrub encroached upon the old trails nearer than that definitely outlined border of belladonna and myosotis, wild buckwheat and rue, sage and mountain mahogany. These two old things Cabrillo saw; the paths and the dwarfed perennials. What he heard was the wash of near wavelets and the crying of seabirds; crickets' shrilling and a dying wind's breath—a confusion of sleepy sounds that issued from the inmost chambers of this abode of silence. If he took steps among the low bushes, along the beckoning paths, he found no words to accompany him. In front and along the wall of the hill before him, what had appeared to be the high part of an island, now was revealed to him as the worn-down remnant of a mountain that went inland to other mountains, beyond which were other mountains and again others and others.

"Beauty—everywhere—for him who looked to see," says Alberta Johnston Denis in **Spanish Alta California,** writing of the place where Cabrillo must have been standing that evening of September 28, 1542, ". . . cradled in the waters of the wonderful bay, kissed by the sun . . . shining in that transparent atmosphere, and bluer than the lupines carpeting the hills." It was a beauty which Cabrillo saw but once. Up the coast and down the coast went his two wee caravels, along uncharted ways of the "South Sea," and at last found themselves safe again within their home

port; but for Juan Rodríguez Cabrillo these Loma trails, so fragrant, so dream-wild, so alluring, led quickly to his earthly journey's end.

Material for identifying the old Point Loma trails I found scattered through:

California Pastoral: H. H. Bancroft.

History of California, Vols. I, II, III: H. H. Bancroft.

Indians of California: Bryan J. Clinch.

Two Years Before the Mast: Richard Henry Dana, Jr.

Life in California: Alfred D. Robinson.

California Under Spanish and Mexican Rule: Irving B. Richman.

The Geologic History of Point Loma: William Scott.

Some Chronicles of Point Loma: Manuscript of Mrs. J. L. Hilliard.

I am indebted to Dr. Fred Baker, Dr. Charlotte Baker, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Jennings, Mrs. Virgil O. Harter, Mr. and Mrs. J. L. Hilliard, Miss C. Lillian Whaley, Mr. Henry Israel, Mr. Luis Serrano, and Captain John Watkins for assistance in collecting data written into this chapter.

FIRST BEGINNER

First from New Spain you came, brave Portuguese,
Cabrillo! And the ship San Salvador
Made port where never such craft sailed before
Here at Point Loma. Up from far southern seas
You came with white wings blowing, just as these
Our timid wings blow big here near this shore
Today. You came, you went. Now evermore
Your name, Cabrillo, rides our western breeze.

Proud navigator of the olden ways,
Bold son of seamen of that Portugal
Whose sailors knew all lands in golden days
When every land was distant! Here you shall
Stand forth in sunshine of this farthest West
While skies burn blue, while lifts high Loma's crest.

* * *

Though the modern world knows so little about him, it seems that Juan Rodríguez Cabrillo—or, more correctly naming him, Juan Rodríguez—was a navigator of great repute. Estévan Rodríguez he was sometimes called; but as Cabrillo simply, or as Juan Cabrillo, all California knows him. The name, however insecurely fixed upon the pages of authentic history, is at least popular among California real estate subdivisions, Spanish-looking bridges, Mexican cafés, ladies' card clubs and the like. It is a musical name; applied in many places without significance; seldom used with reference to the place where it has these centuries belonged—on Point Loma.

Of Cabrillo's birth in Portugal no evidence has been shown; no entry of baptism found. Out of the South in the year 1542 he suddenly appears, in conjunction with the governor of Guatemala, Don Pedro de Alvarado—a former lieutenant and companion of Cortés—who had been given permission to undertake (at his own expense) an independent expedition to the North. Alvarado is seen employing Cabrillo, as one of the most capable seamen of the time . . . and, so far as we know, that summer, autumn and winter of 1542 comprise Cabrillo's whole career. Where he labored before Alvarado hired him, who can guess? Perhaps he had voyaged to the west coast of Mexico by way of the Straits of Magellan, for there is a record that the ship San Salvador was Cabrillo's own; while her companion in discovery, the Victoria, had been built or at least assembled in the Mexican port whence the California expedition sailed. Or, having travelled on horseback across the Mexican trails from the harbor of Vera Cruz, Cabrillo may have acquired the San Salvador in the harbor of Navidad; as Alvarado's fleet there lying, either ready or nearing completion, is believed to have consisted of twelve ships. This at least we do know: the San Salvador and Victoria, poor small cockleshells, were the very largest, finest and best equipped ships anywhere on the West Coast available for Cabrillo's venture.

Almost immediately after Cabrillo's entering into that contract to sail under Alvarado's orders (or under the orders—through Alvarado—of Cortés in Spain) his employer was killed during a skirmish with natives; but the appointment was confirmed by the Viceroy, Mendoza; and on a day late in June Cabrillo got under way out of Navidad, "to explore the outer shore as far toward the north as possible, and partic-

ularly to be watchful for the long looked for Strait of Anian . . . to look for cities and rich countries . . ."

Like other explorers of his time, Cabrillo was a man of fixed idea in regard to lands North of the Equator in the western hemisphere; being convinced that all North America was a group of islands not far from the Asiatic coast. Between these islands, it was believed, there somewhere lay the shortcut that for five decades—we must remember that Cabrillo's voyage to California was but fifty years after Columbus's first voyage to the New World—men had been seeking: South of South America; at Panama; and now farther northward. Spain, though hoping that no such strait existed, had determined that if indeed Anian were discoverable, she should be first to send ships into it; had been spending great fortunes and wasting thousands of lives in the attempt; had sworn at all costs to hold her supremacy at sea and to keep open the ocean paths by which Asiatic treasures and luxuries and curiosities could continue to travel directly from their sources in India, China, Japan, the Philippines, to home ports along the Guadalquivir. In the light of these importances Cabrillo's fame shines. Though no reference work does him justice, he must have been one of the greatest adventurers of the 16th century: his discovery of California as significant as the discoveries of Hendrik Hudson, for instance. Earliest to reach Pacific landing places north of Cabo Bajo, he proved himself the superior of many an excellent ship's master who before him had been beaten back upon the same course. He was first to chart the southern reaches of what we know as the Pacific Coast.

Summer had passed before he had crept up the coast of the peninsula of Baja California. Those two top-heavy vessels were awkward and not wholly sea-

worthy. They were sailing unknown waters; and advance was possible only during daylight hours when rocks, shoals and submerged islands were available. By night they swung at anchor . . . one, two or three anchors dragging from the stem, a like number from the stern! Every cove, every inlet, invited them to linger in comparative safety; and linger they did, as is revealed in Cabrillo's report included in the voluminous **Colección de Documentos de Indias** printed in Madrid: **The Spanish Journal of Juan Rodríguez Cabrillo.** On his port side, the unending waste of waves; on his starboard the forbidding hills from which at evening a slender thread of smoke would sometimes be seen arising; and they in the San Salvador and Victoria watches knew that Indians had observed them and were reporting to other Indians on other hills a marvel: two great birds moving over the hitherto empty waves. Near the thirtieth parallel, at San Quintín, during an interruption of the voyage, Cabrillo and his pilot, Bartolomé Ferrelo, learned from Indians that other white men were journeying on foot to the East . . . that same story, conveyed by incredible means, of the Vásquez de Coronado expedition which our Point Loma Indians some days later managed, by crude signs, to convey again to Cabrillo.

Slowly those high-bannered masts lifted to view; their lofty prows glittering, their square sails stiffened in a making breeze. Richly adorned they were, but slackly provisioned; scurvy-ridden, but extremely beautiful to the eye. They were two bluish blurs arising out of the green ocean between "Dead Men's Isles" and Point of Rocks; and the Point Loma Indians watched them tossing, harried by the first autumn gale from the southwest, troubled by a heavy southwest swell that alarmingly confused the sea. Over—at last—the kelp bed that then streamed from the base

of the headland a mile out into the breakers; over the outside bar in safety, though progressing slowly and more slowly because of the imagined danger of lurking, invisible rocks . . . where such danger never was and never will be. Over what we call Gammon Shoal. Into Middle Ground. Around Ballast Point. Thence on the swirling current inshore, into that ten fathoms of water which continues to the very tip of Ballast Point, and forms to this day anchorage for hundreds of small craft. For it was not far into the great harbor, mighty San Diego Bay; but into that first little cove—known for long years thereafter as "the anchorage," just past the blunt tip of Ballast Point, that they slowly and cautiously nosed on the afternoon of the 28th of September, 1542.

This Ballast Point (called also "La Punta de los Guijarros" and "Cobblestone Point,"), is a part of and only a mile away from the head of the promontory of Point Loma. Cabrillo found it to be a tiny beach, edged with fine white sand and ridged with innumerable rounded river-stones. It curved sickle-wise about the anchorage, with a safe landing-place so near those deepest waters that a dozen strokes of the oars sufficed to bring off the enfeebled adventurers from the reeking decks.

On Ballast Point then, in fairest probability, it was that the West began! There Cabrillo first in thanksgiving knelt, and with his sick and suffering companions solemnly dedicated the new land to the everlasting honor and glory of God and of the Spanish king. There California Alta was discovered and named.

California! Two hundred and twenty-seven years were to elapse before the city of San Diego, oldest of cities on the Pacific Coast, was by Father Serra founded. Sixty years were to pass before Vizcaíno gave the name of San Diego to the bay. This name, Cali-

fornia, was first applied to land now within the borders of the United States of America when Cabrillo knelt on Loma. And it cannot be a waste of interest again to remember that even as late as the beginning of the eighteenth century, California was represented as an island on nearly all maps and charts; was written as an island into the diaries of explorers. It was difficult for Cabrillo to disabuse his mind of the belief that Point Loma was an island; and when by his explorations he found it to be a peninsula, he still clung to the notion that it projected into the Pacific from an island around which he would soon find sailing paths. On his map which in 1770 Archbishop Lorenzana published there is this legend opposite what is known as Point Loma today:

LA PUNTA DE CALIFORNIA.

The Point of California. The name San Diego is ancient in its application to the southwesternmost city of the United States; but it runs not quite so far back as Cabrillo's time in this port. Yet some of our historians forget this. Charles E. Chapman, writing of September 28, 1542, says that Cabrillo's party was "in fact at San Diego, and had achieved for themselves the glory of discovering Alta California . . ." Not at San Diego. They were at what they called the Point of California.

Cabrillo's log describes the place as "a country of beautiful vegetation . . . a port inclosed and very good, to which they gave the name of San Miguel . . . after anchoring in it they went on shore, which had people, three of whom remained and all the others fled. To these they gave presents; and they said by signs that in the interior had passed people like the Spaniards. They manifested much fear. The same day at night they went on shore from the ships to fish with a net; and it appears that there were there some Indians, and

they began to discharge arrows and wounded three men . . .

"Next day in the morning," Cabrillo's log continues, "They went with the boat further into port, which is large, and brought two boys who understood nothing by signs. They gave shirts to both and sent them away immediately."

Two terrified California boys! Panic-stricken, their wits scattered. Unclothed they came down to the beach; and took back to their astonished relatives their first and only shirts. A touch of humor brightens the incident. One remembers Massasoit's corn kernels, and wonders why the story of the Indian lads standing in their new shirts on the Loman shore has not become equally popular; why it has not become part of the American story of beginnings.

Thursday, September 28, 1542 . . . here where our feet know sandy, flower-strewn trails and old broad white roads and rain-and-wind carved cliffs and canyons, the feet of white men first wandered. Here on Point Loma, in the name of his august majesty, Charles of Castille and Aragon, Juan Rodríguez Cabrillo took possession of all California . . . clean earth which we may today lift and sift through our fingers and call home soil.

The Spanish historian, Martín Fernández, commemorated this event in the following bold sentence:

> Those who know the coast which Cabrillo discovered and explored, the kind of vessels in which he undertook the expedition . . . and the state of the science of navigation, at that period, cannot help admiring a courage and intrepidity which, though common among seafaring Spaniards of that time, cannot be appreciated in our day, when the navigator is

> fairly dazzled by the assistance furnished him through the wonderful progress of the arts and sciences, rendering his operations easier and supplying him with advantages which, as they were lacking to the early discoverers, make their courage and perseverance, as portentous as their discoveries.

1802 is the date of the publication of this statement of historian Fernández—a time which, compared with the present, can hardly be said to have contributed so much to navigation as to "fairly dazzle" the seafarer by comforts and security. But, taking Fernández's exaggerations calmly, we save for memory a ringing, noble sentence; and an honest appreciation of the accomplishments of our first beginner.

In peace came this Portuguese gentleman. None but noble deeds are recorded of him. The single representation of his features which is preserved shows him with short, curling hair parted on the side and pushed back: a youngish face bearded and moustached, with lips accustomed to issuing commands; with eyes wide apart; with brow both high and broad. This old picture may be spurious; but, as we have no other from which to gather impressions of the man Cabrillo was, it serves to remind us of a lost stout heart.

The Guacamal, as the natives called Cabrillo's party, remained safely anchored within the bay for almost a week; while a gale raged outside. When all was propitious they again sailed northward on that futile quest for the Straits of Anian and for rich cities and countries; and reached in October the island of San Miguel in the Channel of Santa Barbara. There the leader of the expedition fell and broke an arm; and there on January 3, 1543, after battling with northern storms, he returned to die.

Like the place of his birth, the place of the grave

of Juan Rodríguez Cabrillo remains unknown. His achievement—the discovery of California, on Ballast Point, Point Loma—has been honored as yet by nothing which might serve as a jog to the memory of present and future historians, keen for beginnings.

The story of Cabrillo's discovery is well told in nearly all histories of California; of the southwest; of San Diego and of San Diego County. The preceding chapter rests on information taken from:

The Channel Islands of California: Charles Frederick Holder.

A History of California—The Spanish Period: Charles E. Chapman.

The Catholic Encyclopaedia.

History of the Pacific States: H. H. Bancroft.

Spanish Alta California: Alberta Johnston Denis.

The History of California: Zoeth Skinner Eldredge.

SECOND BEGINNER

Cabrillo's visit to our Loma hill
Became a legend passed along from sires
To sons and daughters; told around old fires
Built on these beaches when the wind was still
At evening, and the folk had had their fill
Of fish and roasted seeds; and the loud choirs
Of larks and mockingbirds were hushed. Desires
For old tales woke again . . . tales told until

From Acapulco Vizcaíno brought
His soldiers, sailors, priests—four hundred men
Seeking as in the Golden Hind bold Drake had
sought
The Straits of fabled Anian. And then
There was a stir of wonder with wild terror
fraught:
The feet of lordly white men here again!

* * *

The Anian passage still eluded when in 1588 the invincible Spanish Armada went down before Queen Elizabeth's sturdy men-o'-war. Thenceforward Spanish power perceptibly waned. Already, Sir Francis Drake, half pirate and half legitimate explorer, had by capturing Philip II's treasure-vessels on the high seas, by pillaging his warehouses and settlements in the New World as well as those in every Spanish possession in the Old World, well earned the title, "Spanish Scourge." Circumnavigating the globe, seeking a northern cut-back into the Atlantic, Drake in the

Golden Hind passed this harbor without entering it. Drake was a thorn, but not the only thorn, in the side of proud Spain. From the day when Cabrillo's discovery of California was made known, Spanish rulers were haunted by the fear lest England or Russia or some other nation might enter this first Californian port and here colonize. To the Viceroy in Mexico orders were constantly coming from the Spanish sovereign to proceed with extreme haste northward; to make a new settlement at La Punta de California and everywhere else possible. But the means for carrying out these orders were not at hand; and no Mexican fleet reached Californian shores during all those sixty years between the arrival here of Cabrillo and that of Sebastián Vizcaíno—time enough for the two little Point Loma boys to whom Cabrillo had given shirts to grow into aged men.

Cabrillo's log reveals a large-hearted man, one accustomed to doing valorous deeds and keeping silence in regard to them. A different type of man but one hardly less interesting is revealed in the diary of Vizcaíno: one with a high opinion of his own worth; an advertising specialist, he might be designated in modern terms.

Sebastián Vizcaíno had been a merchant before he conceived the desire to become an explorer, a commander of a discovery ship, a conqueror. His orders came from Philip III, through the Viceroy of New Spain, Gaspar de Zuñiga, Conde de Monterey, to equip an expedition—mainly at his own expense.

Because of its author's evident relish of his own renown, the diary of Vizcaíno makes enjoyable reading. Though he may have rendered himself unbearable to those who were obliged to listen to his conversation, this "Pilot of the Waters of New Spain" now beams

benignantly from his far height. Here his story commences:

> In the reign of our Lord, King Philip, the third of this name, the Most Illustrious Señor Don Gaspar de Zuñiga and Azevedo, Count of Monte Rey being viceroy, governor and captain-general of this New Spain, an exploration was made of the ports, bays and inlets of the coast of the South Sea from Cape Mendocino by order of his Majesty, for certain purposes of the royal service, Sebastián Vizcaíno, a resident of Mexico being the general under whose charge and orders went the seamen and soldiers of the said expedition, in the year one thousand six hundred and two.

Vizcaíno's personal wealth must have been considerable, because in the outfitting of the vessels, the selection of the crew and of the soldiers and priests to accompany the party, no expense was spared. Four years passed after the receipt of the royal permission for Vizcaíno to head the expedition before the small fleet was perfectly ready to sail.

It was the king's intention that the expedition should consist of but one vessel; but, on account of the difficulties attendant upon the voyage up the coast, three ships were actually despatched from Acapulco. These were the San Diego, which had been brought from Guatemala; the Santo Tomás, a Peruvian trading vessel; and the Tres Reyes, which was built at Acapulco. In the San Diego went Vizcaíno himself, with one Francisco de Bolános as chief pilot; in command of the Santo Tomás, which never reached this harbor, was Captain Toribio Gómez de Corbán; and the commander of the frigate Tres Reyes was Sebastián Meléndez. All were seasoned seamen; Vizcaíno the most seasoned among them. There went with them a

cosmographer of twenty years' experience, Captain Gerónimo Martín Palacios, who had come from Spain immediately before the sailing of the Vizcaíno squadron; without whom the expedition might not have been the famous success it turned out. His duty, well executed, was the preparing of charts.

Six old soldiers, three of whom, Captain Gómez, Captain Peguero and Ensign Alarcón, had distinguished themselves in Spanish campaigns in Brittany and in Flanders, were sent along . . . exceptional men, whom Vizcaíno was enjoined by the viceroy to consult. And three Carmelite friars, Fray Antonio de la Ascensión, Fray Tomás de Quino and Fray Andres de la Asumpción were in the company; and of these the man of importance was Fray Antonio de la Ascensión, who before becoming a man of religion in Mexico had been a map-maker, a cosmographer; and as pilot had participated in voyages to the Indies. Father Ascensión kept a journal during the Vizcaíno voyage; and it is upon his neatly literary description even more than upon Vizcaíno's rather inflated report that historians base the astonishing facts concerning the daily doings of this particular expedition with which they fill pages upon pages. After the meagerness of the Cabrillo story, the fulness, richness and colorfulness of the Vizcaíno story seem almost over-full, over-colored.

We have quite accurate knowledge about the great port of Acapulco in 1602, when on May 5 of that year Vizcaíno sailed North. How three times his fleet was driven back to that port by adverse headwinds; how, before reaching Magdalena Bay, the three vessels were separated by storms; how the San Diego and the Tres Reyes made extensive explorations in that deep lagoon; how at Cerros Isles the three ships came together; and how, leaving there on September 9, and steering confidently toward Alta California, the Santo

Tomás once more withdrew and never again came to sight . . . all three events are told interestingly by both the general and his associate diarist. With Vizcaíno's data the world was soon very familiar. He talked and wrote much concerning this voyage; and by most modern methods "hammered home" the fact that he had opened at least two good ports which were well worth considering as way-stations for the home-bound galleon. The journal of Fray Ascension attracted much comment in Spain, and in 1615—only thirteen years after it was written!—was published, being included in the historical work of Torquemada, "The Indian Monarchy."

Sunday, the 10th of November, 1602, is the date of Vizcaíno's arrival at Cabrillo's "Puerto de San Miguel"—coming to anchor within that same good anchorage off Ballast Point which had welcomed and sheltered the first discoverer. From Vizcaíno's diary we learn that he was of opinion that this harbor must be the best to be found in all the South Sea; because in addition to being protected on all sides it had very good wood and water. Wood and water? What kind of wood? And where was that very good water on Loma? These questions the twentieth century inquirer would be glad to have answered; for, if there actually were here "very good wood and water" the cause of their complete disappearance between 1602 and 1769 might also then come to light. Wood and water have ever remained the very necessities which Loma particularly lacked.

The general—the Derrotero is another of Viscaíno's many titles—then tells of the first religious service of record in California. He says that as the 12th of the month was the feast-day of the glorious San Diego de Alcalá, he himself and his admiral, captains, ensigns and monks went on shore, where a hut

was built in which mass was said, "in celebration of the feast of Señor San Diego." And after that hour of prayer and consecration, the Derrotero called a meeting there on the Point Loma sands. What was to be done here in this good port? They must not tarry long, but do all things needful and then advance upon their northward course. "It was decided," we read, that "the admiral, with the chief pilot, the pilots, the masters, calkers and seamen should scour the ships, giving them a good cleaning, which they greatly needed; and that Captain Peguero, Ensign Alarcón and Ensign Martín de Aguilar should each attend to getting water for his ship; while Ensign Juan Francisco and Sergeant Miguel de Lagar, with the carpenters should provide wood." Here again that mention of available wood and water to mystify the moderns who have consistently maintained that wood and water were not at hand!

"When all this had been agreed upon, says the general's account, "a hundred Indians appeared on a hill with bows and arrows and with many feathers on their heads, yelling noisily at us." At this, Vizcaíno ordered Father Francisco to advance taking with him four arquebusiers; ordered Father Antonio (Ascensión) to follow so that if any of the Indians should linger he might try to win them by smiles and gifts. "The Indians waited, albeit with some fear. The ensign and soldiers returned, and the general, his son, and the admiral went towards the Indians. The Indians seeing this, two men and two women came down from a hill. They having reached the general, and the Indian women weeping, he cajoled and embraced them, giving them some things. Reassuring the others by signs, they descended peacefully, whereupon they were given presents. The net was cast and fish were given them. Whereupon the Indians became

more confident and went to their rancherias and we to our ships to attend to our affairs."

Sunday they arrived; Tuesday they held religious services and met in council; after which they placated some Indians. What they did on Wednesday and on Thursday we do not know; but on Friday the general writes how he

> . . . went aboard the frigate, taking with him his son, Father Fray Antonio, the chief pilot, and fifteen arquebusiers, to go and take the soundings of a large bay which entered the land. He did not take the cosmographer with him, as he was ill and occupied with the papers of the voyage. That night, rowing with the flood tide, he got under way and at dawn he was six leagues within the bay, which he found to be the best, large enough for all kinds of vessels, more secure than at the anchorage, and better for careening the ships, for they could be placed high and dry during the flood tide and taken down at the ebb tide, even if they were of a thousand tons. . . . In this bay the general with his men, went ashore. After they had gone more than three leagues along it a number of Indians appeared with their bows and arrows, and although signs of peace were made to them, they did not dare to approach, excepting a very old Indian woman who appeared to be more than one hundred and fifty years old and who approached weeping. The general cajoled her and gave her some beads and something to eat. This Indian woman, from extreme age, had wrinkles on her belly which looked like a blacksmith's bellows, and the navel protruded bigger than

> a gourd. Seeing this kind treatment the Indians came peaceably and took us to their rancherías, where they were gathering their crops and where they had made their paresos of seeds like flax. They had pots in which they cooked their food, and the women were dressed in skins of animals. The general would not allow any soldier to enter their rancherías; and, it being already late, he returned to the frigate, many Indians accompanying him to the beach. Saturday night he reached the captain's ship, which was ready. Wood, water and fish were brought on board, and on Wednesday, the 20th of said month, we set sail. I do not state, lest I should be tiresome, how many times the Indians came to our camps with skins of martens and other things. Until the next day, when we set sail, they remained on the beach shouting. This port was given the name of San Diego. . . .

Cabrillo has been given credit, almost universally, for the assigning of many southwestern names. Even so distinguished an authority as Gertrude Atherton says in **California, an Intimate History,** that Cabrillo being "convinced that the beautiful coast rising before his galleons was California (or might as well be) sailed into two of its bays and named them San Diego and Monterey."

Of course it was not Cabrillo who bestowed these names. Though Vizcaíno's voyage coincides rather astonishingly with Cabrillo's of sixty years before him, the Derrotero either wilfully ignored or was simply unaware of Cabrillo's explorations. Cabrillo had called the bay San Miguel, in honor of the archangel, a name that this body of water never held except on

paper. It was Vizcaíno who gave the name of his ship and that of the saint whose name-day occurred on the 12th—or was it the 13th?—of November; thus neatly killing two birds with one stone.

With one more paragraph from the general's story, the sojourn in San Diego Bay and on Loma seems to write itself toward a flourishing finis; but, though the words say farewell, Vizcaíno himself never dreamed that his connection with the place was there snapped finally. He expected to return. He intended, through his efforts in speech and in writing, to convince Spanish and Mexican authorities that at Point Loma he had found a desirable port of call for the Philippine galleon. He says of San Diego Bay:

> The tides are like those of San Lucár, Spain; because the port within is large and good, sheltered on all sides. No sea enters it. There is wood, and water, though salty, and to get it wells were dug to the east of the entry near the beach. Likewise, at a stone's throw, there are plentiful fish, both of net and line. There are numerous Indians, with bows and arrows, good people, desirous of dealing with the Spaniards.

And here is his farewell to us:

> We left the port of San Diego, as has been said, on the 20th of the said month, and the same day the general ordered Ensign Sebastián Meléndez to go ahead with the frigate to examine a bay (False Bay—now known as Mission Bay) which was to windward some four leagues and directed that a pilot should sound it, map it, and find what was there. He did so, and the next day ordered the return to the captain's ship. He reported to

> the general that he had entered the said bay, that it was a good port, although it had at its entrance a bar of little more than two fathoms depth, and that there was a very large grove at an estuary which extended into the land, and many Indians . . .

So Vizcaíno says good-bye . . . goodbye forever.

The report of Father Ascensión is in a mood rather more reposeful than that of the general. He has an eye for accurate details, one observes. He relates how after many hardships at sea the fleet reached the port off the promontory and found there a place suitable for Spanish colonization; how, "the place being quiet," the ships were scraped and oiled again—as if on the voyage up the coast of Baja California they had previously undergone this operation. Of the Indians he says that they pronounced very well in the Spanish tongue such words as they heard the Spaniards use; that they were a friendly and affable race—these Point Loma natives; that they came down from the crest of the headland and helped haul in the net; that they painted themselves "white, and black, and dark London blue."

Ten days—or rather, eleven days and ten nights—the second beginner, with his excellently equipped scientific organization, remained on Loma's shores and in Loma's waters. Then for nearly a century and three-quarters after the departure of that Captain-General Sebastián Vizcaíno, lowly pearl-fisher and merchant who had become royal expedition leader and grand chief bestower of names up and down the Pacific Coast, the place where California began remained what for long previous ages it had been; a place of sunshine and waiting silence. Once more nothing happened here. La Punta de California had been named

La Punta de San Diego . . . had become a finger that beckoned in vain to the busy gorgeous ships that sailed down the near sea-paths, bringing from the Orient to New Spain treasures untold.

Upon Vizcaíno's diary and the report of Father Ascensión all modern accounts of the 1602 expedition from Acapulco into Alta California ports are based. Information for the preceding chapter was gathered mainly from:

Spanish Exploration in the Southwest: Herbert Eugene Bolton.
Story of California: Henry K. Norton.
Spanish Alta California: Alberta Johnston Denis.
California, An Intimate History: Gertrude Atherton.
History of California: H. H. Bancroft.

GALLEONS

In gilt and scarlet, to strange skies uprose
Blue-bannered, round of bow and castle-sterned,
Spain's galleons; whose awkward progress churned
The empty seas. Young gentlemen jocose,
Their captains all, disporting silken hose
And velvet hats; jaunty and unconcerned.
One every year set sail, and one returned—
Proud treasure ships, manned by **magnificos.**

Stiff satins filled their holds; rare porcelain;
Pet monkeys, parrots, small black boys enthralled;
Tobacco, rice, tea, coffee, sugar cane;
Rings set with diamond, pearl, emerald;
Gold coins and silver . . . toward the Spanish Main
Deep laden vessels homeward slowly crawled.

* * *

The story of exploration in the West has no chapter more thrillingly romantic than that relating to the galleon. The Philippine galleon; the Manila galleon; the Acapulco galleon; the "China Ship;" by whatever name it was popularly known, it was an institution so stable that it endured for more than two hundred and fifty years; and at the same time it was of so unreliable a nature that it fabulously enriched or wholly ruined thousands of men; rendered them famous successes or infamous failures; immortalized or destroyed them—together with hundreds of gallant vessels. The Spanish galleon . . . even now, merely to speak of it is to hear echoing from some far sum-

mering isle the insistent call of our own twentieth century fates.

The first Manila fleet sailed under Ruy López de Villalobos upon the order of that same Mexican Viceroy, Mendoza, who sent Juan Rodríguez Cabrillo to find California. In the same year—1542. And thenceforth the lure of the South Sea was the lure of the galleon; a fascination that grew in power until about 1734; when, owing to the successful attacks of English and Dutch vessels, to the increasing number of losses due to storms, and to the opening of other routes to the Orient, it lost hold upon all but the most foolhardy.

What had Point Loma to do with the Spanish galleon? Next to nothing at all, of course; but in 1602 Vizcaíno's waking dream of glory included the establishing either here or at Monterey of a way-station to serve the needs of the returning treasure ships. This stretch of little hills mounting southward and westward to fall abruptly to the sea enclosed a harbor which Vizcaíno, for illustration's sake, in his writings and advertising talks, kept comparing to the fine port of San Lucár de Marrameda in the province of Cadiz. Everyone who came from Spain to America knew the harbor of San Lucár; and Vizcaíno knew therefore that they understood the drift of his arguments. That good harbor within the Punta de San Diego; there the galleon would find still water and deep; there on the peaceful promontory the sailors might rest and recuperate; and, most important of its advantages, there Indian runners might be dispatched over old quick trails to bear the news to Mexico of one more safe arrival; and to bring back information as to pirates or other foreign foes in the nearby waters. El Puerto de San Diego, better than any other harbor, except that of Monterey . . . and

nearer, easier of access from Mexico—in this strain Vizcaíno argued for the better part of a decade after he was here; beginning with the month of April, 1603, after the San Diego got back to Acapulco from her first California cruise.

A rich man was Vizcaíno; but not quite so powerful as his wealth seemed to warrant. Having returned to the home port, he paid off his companions who had survived, and at his own expense took them to Mexico City. At Chapultepeque, it is recorded, "they kissed the hands of the Viceroy, and gave their report; Vizcaíno begging for the opportunity to return to California with equipment and men for a permanent settlement." Vibrating between favor and disfavor, owing to a change of viceroys, Vizcaíno was offered in 1604 command of the Manila galleon; but found himself dismissed on the ground of having offered bribes in order to secure it. To Spain then went Vizcaíno; and in 1606 had the satisfaction of convincing the King (indirectly, it seems) of the necessity for a Spanish settlement in California. The King directed the Philippine Governor and the Viceroy of New Spain to co-operate with the persistent advertiser . . . Vizcaíno to have command of the galleon; which, on its return was to stop at one of the California ports, and make there a complete survey; afterward to report as to the advisability of returning with colonists of the highest types. But, once more, Vizcaíno was opposed by the Mexican Viceroy. Not until 1612 was he permitted to sail; and then not to California, the dearest object of his ambitions, but in the supposed direction of those mythical isles of romance; Rica de Oro and Rica de Plata. Needless to say, he never found them. After his return, luckless, to New Spain he disappeared from fame.

No doubt Vizcaíno's imagination saw the rich

galleons stopping at Loma's landing place. No doubt, had his powers of persuasion been greater and his bombast less, Spain had not waited until threatened by Russian encroachments from the North before founding her first settlement on the shores of San Diego Bay. But, whatever the source of his failure, Vizcaíno did actually establish a basis for ultimate success. By much talking and much writing he filled the minds of Spaniards with the names and the advantages of the harbors of San Diego and Monterey—so that, when at last the times urged colonization here, the pioneers into Alta California had two clearly shining goals. Thanks to Vizcaíno, La Punta de San Diego was their first much longed-for, easily recognized destination.

To the Manila galleon, however, that Punta de San Diego was nothing but another of many gray headlands along the unwelcoming coast; where enemies probably lurked, well concealed. Because of the immense gardens of seaweed that encompassed it, the Point was given wide avoidance, complete avoidance generally, by the China ships.

Westward faring out of Acapulco, the galleon did not of course pass Point Loma. It followed the north equatorial current. Westward, the galleon went light and was seldom molested. It carried always Mexican silver and such articles of luxurious civilized living as had been imported from Spain and might appeal to the semi-barbaric traders that yearly came to Manila. From China they came; from Molucca, Java, Borneo, Siam; even from Persia and India. Sometimes the outbound galleon carried a passenger or two; such as missionaries going to the Orient; and occasionally a rare specimen of traveling merchant. The Italian merchant Gemelli, who returned in 1696 in one of these Spanish treasure-ships had much to say con-

cerning the day-to-day character of his experience; calling the "voyge from the Philippine Islands to America" the longest as well as the most dreadful of any in the world.

> . . . as for the terrible tempests that happen there, one upon the back of another, and for the desperate diseases that seize people, in seven or eight months lying at sea, sometimes near the line, sometimes cold, sometimes temperate, and sometimes hot, which is enough to destroy a man of steel, much more flesh and blood, which at sea had but indifferent food . . .

Eastward turning, after having worked northward from Manila, the galleon became an object of the world's envy. The casual repetition of the items of an ordinary cargo is enough to cause to sprout upon the most landlubberly shoulderblades rudimentary sea-wings. The report of Antonio de Morga (1609), for instance, contained four pages of items, roughly listing a galleon cargo . . . ivory and rhinoceros horns; rubies, sapphires; rosewood, teakwood and ebony from Siam; amber and cinnamon, pepper and cloves from Molucca; fine white flour and rice from Japan; and from Japan, too, intriguing boxes in black, red and yellow; and ornate sharp-edged weapons which were everywhere very much in demand. From China were preserves of ginger, oranges and peaches; raw silks and silks manufactured into stiff cloths—satins and velvets—brocaded in gold and silver; embroidery threads of silk, silver and gold; velvets made into cushions and carpets and blankets for horses; musk, ivory, wax; nutmegs and nuts; writing cases, gilded chairs; carved beads; porcelain, precious stones. The list from China was endless

. . . "flesh, fowl, fish, bisket, sweetmeats, chocolate . . ."

What was cheap and necessary went westward in the galleon: pipes of fresh water, bacon, cheese, biscuit, beans, peas, oil, vinegar, wine, candles, lanterns, hemp, ox-hides, and "knick knacks and gewgaws;" what was rich and rare the galleon brought home to Mexico; there to be exchanged by enterprising colonials for Toledo blades, Cordovan leather; and there also—very often—to be trans-shipped to Spain.

An extremely dangerous undertaking was the sailing from Acapulco of such ships as—to quote the names of a few of those innumerable adventurers—the Madre de Dios, Las Cinque Llagas, (the Mother of God, the Five Wounds!) the San Geronimo; but if that outgoing was a hazard and a risk that called for the highest of hearts, the home-coming of the galleon was ten times as perilous—often, very often, never accomplished at all.

Most of the seventeenth and eighteenth century ships were "cranky and leewardy." Usually the galleon keel was three times the width at the waist; the depth in the hold two-fifths the width; huge, round-stemmed, clumsy craft, with bulwarks from three to four feet thick; and built up at bow and stern, fortress-like. And they were top-heavy. They were merchantmen and war vessels combined; for though their holds were filled with trade stuffs they carried three or four small cannon, several catapults with which to throw stones; and from fifty to sixty muskets. Stout ships they seemed; but not one of them was ever adequately equipped for that long seven-months' homeward cruise; battling monsoons, subject to enemy attacks.

Out of Manila the progress was slow; following the course of the Japan current, Kuro Shio, "a very

hollow water and stream running out of the north and northwest." This "black tide," whose source is in the north equatorial current, turns gradually eastward after passing the Japanese Archipelago; and the track of the galleon lay northeasterly to about forty-two degrees of latitude; thence almost straight easterly to a point off Cape Mendocino, which Vizcaíno had in 1602 discovered and mapped.

After sighting this California landmark, the galleon had three thousand miles along a southerly course to cover before she reached the home port of Acapulco. And it was along this course that her dangers multiplied. Pirates, who had not the temerity to waylay her farther out at sea, infested the entire California coast. If Vizcaíno's sound advice, to establish a station on Point Loma, had been regarded, literally hundreds of these ships with their priceless burdens might have been preserved.

With the story of the galleon is woven the story of Vizcaíno inseparably. After 1602, every adventurer who sailed from Mexico in one of these yearly ships was more or less influenced by Vizcaíno's enthusiasm; every merchant who bought cargo space in the galleon had in mind the profits of Vizcaíno, reported to be enormous—with two hundred ducats invested in Spanish wares and "some Flemish commodities" he had in 1588 earned fourteen hundred ducats! No doubt Shakespeare had in mind this prosperous Mexican merchant whom we know locally as the one who gave our harbor its permanent name, when he put these words into the mouth of Salarino:

Your mind is tossing on the ocean;
There, where your argosies with portly sail,
Like signiors and rich burghers on the flood,
Or, as it were, the pageants of the sea,

Do overpeer the petty traffickers . . .
. . . . . Should I go to church
And see the holy edifice of stone,
And not bethink me straight of dangerous rocks,
Which touching but my gentle vessel's side,
Would scatter all her spices on the stream,
Enrobe the roaring waters with my silks . . .

The Merchant of Venice was written at the opening of the seventeenth century. Vizcaíno in 1588 lost a galleon, which was robbed and burned by Englishmen!

Though Point Loma's connection with this romantic enterprise was a shadowy "next-to-naught," yet there looms across the years a thrilling might-have-been, that builds itself into a reality of magnified proportions. Just outside there, the galleon hurried past; year after year for two centuries and a half!

A complete and satisfactory account of the enterprise known as the Manila galleon, the Philippine galleon, is yet to be written. Casual references to it are found everywhere; however. The chapter here is based on many such "passing remarks" of historians; among them extracts from the following:

A History of the Philippines: David P. Barrows.
International Encyclopaedia.
Sailing Ships and Their Story: E. Keble Chatterton.
The Pacific Ocean in History: Edited by H. Morse Stephens.
The Founding of Spanish California: Charles Edward Chapman.
History of California, Vol. I: H. H. Bancroft.
History of California, Vol. I: Theodore H. Hittell.
California Under Spain and Mexico: Irving B. Richman.

The Careri letter is translated in Churchill's **Collection of Voyages and Travels.**

THIRD, AND LAST, BEGINNING

There feasted on these heights wild earth-hued folk,
Scoffing I know, and jesting in the sun.
"A whale, a mighty, a prodigious one,
Approaches!" mockers cried. Out of thin smoke,
Far, arching high into the sky, there broke
Strange, rotund shapes of Spanish sails; gray..dun:
The San Antonio, Christ's galleon,
Now raised Point Loma; now Guijarros woke.

What fear! The black sun hung within a veil;
The headland rocked; and those Coahuillas felt
Vague dread, the while crazed seabirds' rising wail
Made savage laughter into terror melt.
The ship of God heaved to; prayer like a gale
Swept down La Playa where awed Indians knelt.

* * *

Not as conquerors came Cabrillo and Vizcaíno to California's beginning place, Point Loma; but rather as directors of scientific investigations; as explorers, chart-makers, name-givers and reporters. Kings of Spain had wanted to know definite facts about lands that presumably extended northward in the South Sea; and Cabrillo and Vizcaíno answered their sovereigns' questions with the one beautiful word: California. But, in the year 1769, with the arrival off Point Loma of Captain Juan Pérez in the San Antonio a conquest here was assured. Pérez and his sea-mates of that "Seraphic and Apostolic Squadron" and his brothers in faith composing the land forces of the

Sacred Expedition of José de Gálvez, had been instructed "to establish the Catholic religion among a numerous heathen people, submerged in the obscure darkness of paganism, to extend the dominion of the King our Lord, and to protect this peninsula from the ambitious views of foreign nations." Representatives of that numerous heathen people they knew they should find on these little hills and beaches.

Soon the pin-prick which on Vizcaíno's map had been labeled La Punta de San Diego was to be announced to mariners everywhere as La Playa de San Diego. And this La Playa de San Diego was to become a busy shipping town with a polyglot population of about eight hundred white men (no women); with a group of immense Yankee-built "hide houses," a Russian oven large enough to accommodate when used as sleeping quarters from twenty-five to thirty Kanakas; and later a Mexican customs house. A campo santo would rear its white crosses under the crest of the headland. Bull fights would take place to the accompaniment of glitter and gore as nearly matching Spain's sumptuous spectacles as Spanish colonials here could manage. Already when Pérez landed on Loma, the engines of commerce were on their way hither; the cattle business with its African, Roman and Spanish traditions of cruel bravery and picturesqueness was about to establish itself in the West of North America. Among a people who had had nothing of worth to conceal, smuggling was to begin; where there had been room for all, shares for all, equal division among all, competition was about to be taught. And then, old La Playa was to be wiped out of existence; scarcely a vestige after a hundred years remaining of adobe bricks and Yankee plankings; of the lay of its old streets; of the boundaries of bayshore and ridge, canyon and gully.

Captain Juan Pérez, however, is by no means one of the names of chief importance to be remembered of all who made up the Gálvez Expedition. It is a name all but forgotten; of itself scarcely deserving immortalization. Pérez arrived here first; of the four leaders of the Expedition, he had the good fortune to make the best time. That is all. But that "all" gives us the date of California's third beginning, April 11, 1769. Out of the confusion of importances connected with that year one single name shines splendidly—that of the middle-aged simple priest who perhaps seldom actually set his sandalled foot upon Point Loma. Accredited conqueror of California, spiritually and temporally, was Miguel José Serra, whose name in religion—Junípero—no Californian fails to mention with profound reverence. Pérez had been on Point Loma nearly three months when Junípero Serra came.

Serra's story is everybody's property; but the story of Pérez and that of Vila, captain of the San Carlos, the second of the 1769 ships to arrive, remain to be accentuated clearly. Therefore, leaping swiftly in fancy across all the years since Vizcaíno's enthusiastic gestures attracted royal attention to San Diego's very good harbor, the afternoon of April 11, 1769 may be taken as the date when California was fixed definitely upon the world's map. A place in California Alta, La Playa de San Diego, was written permanently into the narrative of Spanish colonization.

There is no understanding the meaning of the beginning in 1769 except by painstakingly examining several wearisome chapters of Spanish ecclesiastical and political history; chapters which are easily accessible to the interested student. Briefly, however, one needs to remember Spain's increasing jealousy of enterprising English seamen and of Russians who were advancing down the Pacific Coast from Alaska; and

also, Spain's crying necessity for a port of call for the accommodation of her returning galleon. Mexico, at the instigation of Spain, was slowly pushing northward; the two Californias were lands of lure. Las Californias! "The Californias must be taken!" had cried Vizcaíno frequently and with zealous vehemence —imitating in his own day the insistent voice of Marcus Cato of an earlier age. Vizcaíno saw nowhere in California what Cato saw in Carthage—no harbor crowded with ships, no landscapes beautiful with gardens and villas—but in his imagination he had seen the possibilities here of power and of wealth and was convinced that the safety of Old and New Spain depended upon the subjection of the Californians. Las Californias! Discontented Spaniards at home gossiped of lands famed for pearls, for sunny skies and tempered breezes, where one might find at last a life of complete ease and contentment. And Spaniards living in Mexico, having grown rich, having made another Spain of a heathen land by importing cheeses, sausages, olives, bread-stuffs, sweets, wines of grapes and of figs; elegantly fitted garments of silk and velvet, lace-trimmed, buttoned and bangled; sharp plows, rakes, swords and daggers; were turning now toward other possibilities, nearer at hand.

But, though Spaniards and Mexicans could think of nothing more important than the colonization of the Californias, they were continually prevented by forbidding mountains, impassable deserts, and warlike Indians. These were so formidable that Baja California was not entered until near the end of the seventeenth century when the Jesuit Salvatierra, priest-governor-cook, succeeded in crossing the Gulf of California in one day (it had taken Vizcaíno nearly a month!) and founded at Loreto the first of the Lower California missions. Still, California Alta was very

far away; almost inaccessible. Seventy years elapsed before Gálvez dispatched his Sacred Expedition to San Diego; during which time the Jesuits were ordered out of, and the Franciscans of the Mexican college of San Fernando were ordered into, the peninsula of Lower California. The Franciscans were later superseded in Lower California by Dominicans, and it was thus that the gray friars became the actual wanderers over the Indian trails that led down to San Diego Bay and thence northward to San Francisco.

José de Gálvez had been a simple Andalusian youth, whose energy and forcefulness had raised him to the position of royal inspector (visitador) of all New Spain. He it was who set in motion that new regime in Las Californias which gave Spain, at last, a frontier province. In 1768 Gálvez and Serra had met at old Santa Ana to discuss ways and means of furthering an expedition into California Alta. Their plan was elaborate. Two land forces, two sea forces, were on four separate dates dispatched, with orders to meet at San Diego; there to establish a mission and a presidio which should become the nucleus for a Spanish town; and thence, as swiftly as possible to proceed northward to repeat the operation. For many months Gálvez was gathering and training soldiers, conscripting sailors, assembling all sorts of town-building material—grandee families and adventuring missionaries; capturing and holding Indian scouts, interpreters, laborers; corraling and driving northward toward Vellicatá cattle, sheep, goats, horses, mules; pillaging the Jesuit missions of bells, church furnishings and the like.

This good port of San Diego, sheltered under the towering headland, and lying according to the crude charts of the time at about thirty-two degrees and some minutes North, was first in the thought of all

eighteenth century voyagers of the South Sea; and Gálvez on January 15, after a ceremonious leave-taking, had the high satisfaction of seeing the first of the sea forces, in the San Carlos, put out for the South Sea. Don Vicente Vila, commanding this paquebote, had been navigator of the royal navy and was one of the earliest whom Gálvez consulted when his plans for the Sacred Expedition were formulated; and it was to Vila and not to Pérez that all instructions in regard to procedure to San Diego and Monterey were issued; though Pérez was given a duplicate of these instructions. The narrative of Sebastián Vizcaíno describing San Diego harbor, formed part of the papers these two captains carried.

About a month later than the San Carlos, the San Antonio sailed. She was a "follow-up" ship, merely; laden—and every article takes on special significance when one considers the use to which it was put in an uncivilized land—with church furniture, olives, hay for cattle, dates, wine, meat, fish, maize, lard, wood, coal, sugar, figs, raisins, salt, red pepper, garlic, flour, bread, rice, chick-pease, water, cheese, chocolate, hams, smoked tongue, lentils, candles, bran, beans, hens, live cattle, utensils for cooking . . . She carried a crew of twenty-eight men. Captain Juan Pérez had been pilot on a Manila galleon; his mate was Miguel del Pino. With him were also two chaplains, Juan Vizcaíno (a descendant—who knows? —of Sebastián) and Francisco Gómez; as well as blacksmiths, carpenters, cooks . . . but no soldiers.

"We have not had a day of northwest," wrote Gálvez on February 20, five days after the sailing of the San Antonio. ". . . the winds have been so favorable that we all deem the ships as already at the doors of San Diego, and even as at anchor in that port. Both sail like birds." And two days later he

was writing, "I have no doubt that the San Antonio is in San Diego, as the south and southeast winds have continued." So, he sent word immediately to the first of the land expeditions that the time had come for advancing, as news was expected that "the packet-boats were lording it in that famoso puerto which had cost so many expeditions and anxieties." The truth is that the San Carlos was wandering around in the Pacific, off her course; and that the San Antonio, for all those favorable winds, had a voyage of fifty-five days to do before arriving (weeks ahead of the San Carlos) at this famoso puerto; and when she did anchor here all on board, except Fathers Vizcaíno and Gómez, were sick or disabled; and two lives had been lost.

Cabrillo's beginning is veiled in unsubstantiated surmises; Sebastián Vizcaíno's beginning is somewhat more clearly seen; but the beginning made by Captain Juan Pérez—itself a kind of sport of chance and a mere shadowing of the beginning which Father Serra a few weeks later was to make—stands out dramatically emphasized by cosmic forces. An earthquake and an eclipse of the sun marked the arrival of the San Antonio off Point Loma. As before, when Cabrillo and Vizcaíno had approached, Indian watchers gathered on the Point. From the crest they hurried down to the beach, drawn by curiosity to examine more closely those who had been wafted on the backs of "whales with wings." Who, in that sudden darkness of midday, when the earth swayed and the ocean was greatly disturbed, were the more frightened, superstitious sailors or superstitious natives, we cannot guess. It is told that the sick Spaniards fell on their knees on the sands here, and that the imitative children of nature did likewise; so that when the tremors had passed and the face of the sun was unmasked,

the spiritual conquest of California seemed half accomplished.

The voyage of the San Carlos occupied three and a half months. Don Vicente Vila in his diary tells the story:

"On Saturday, April 29 . . . I discovered the packet San Antonio anchored at Point Guijarros. We broke out our colors. She broke out hers and fired one gun to call in her launch which was ashore. I continued to tack . . . and anchored in six fathoms of water. At eight o'clock in the evening, the launch of the San Antonio came with her second in command and pilot, Don Miguel del Pino, who gave us an account of her voyage. She arrived at this port on April 11, half her crew down with scurvy, of which two men had died. For work they had only seven men who came in the launch, and of these a few already felt symptoms of the same disease. Captain Juan Pérez also was in poor health. Only the two Missionary Fathers were well.

"At four o'clock in the morning of Sunday, April 30, I made sail and after several tacks I anchored in six fathoms of water, at about eight o'clock when Holy Mass was celebrated.

"At five o'clock in the morning of Monday, May 1, I succeeded in anchoring under the shelter of Point Guijarros, alongside the San Antonio. At seven o'clock the San Antonio saluted with six guns; we heard Holy Mass on board and afterwards answered her with five guns. At ten o'clock, Don Juan Pérez came aboard . . .

"At half past ten on the same morning, the launch of the San Antonio went off with . . . those men who were strong enough to go, in order to explore the country and to search for a good watering-place, because the water which the crew of the San Antonio had collected in pools was not, owing to its brackish-

ness, fit to drink. Meanwhile, Don Juan Pérez gave an account of the condition of his crew. Few of his men were in proper condition to continue the voyage to Monterey, as directed by Gálvez, and as he had intended to do on the last day of April, in case of the non-arrival of the San Carlos."

The San Carlos was in desperate plight; only two of her men in good health. Even the doctor, Don Pedro Prat, was ill. Captain Vila continues:

"At nine o'clock in the evening, the launch . . . returned. The officers and the Missionary Fathers reported that they had walked about three leagues along the shore (this was, of course, along the La Playa trail) and at that distance had come to an Indian ranchería (Cosoy) on the banks of a river with excellent water; that the Indians inhabiting the village to the number of thirty-five or forty families scattered along the stream in small rude huts, were very friendly and gentle; and that the country was pleasant and green, abounding in various odoriferous plants, wild grapes, and game.

"At five o'clock, Tuesday morning, I weighed anchor; and with the launch of the San Antonio out ahead, I took advantage of the rising tide and proceeded farther into the harbor. At half past seven, I anchored in seven fathoms of water . . .

"At six o'clock, Saturday morning, a Philippine sailor named Agustín Fernández de Medina, died. At eight o'clock, the launch of the San Antonio put off with . . . the soldiers who were best able, in order to begin the construction of the barracks. At sunset, the launch returned with the Missionary Father and the officers. They had decided to build the barracks for the sick on a hilltop close by the beach and a cannon shot from the packets. Between eight and nine o'clock in the morning, Sunday, May 7, Indians

came alongside on their rafts and in exchange for a few trinkets, gave us several skins of sea-otters and of other animals caught in traps . . ."

The diary continues the story of illnesses and deaths. Of about "ninety sailors, soldiers and mechanics less than thirty survived." Sixty little white crosses were added to those already bleaching in the blessed ground under the crest: in old La Playa. Again, and this time finally, California was begun. And we must remind ourselves often, because the fact is so thoroughly forgotten, that that locality which on all the inaccurate little charts and maps went by the name of San Diego de California was not, of course, the place upon which the modern city of San Diego rises. Nor was it the land upon which was built Old Town, the romantic idling mother of the busy new city. Nor yet, that sunny suburb which for the last fifty years has been designated as La Playa. The streets that composed old La Playa—Hill, Upper, San Antonio, Colorado, Gila, James, John, George, William and Short were some of their names—lie mainly within the government reservation of Fort Rosecrans; and are perfectly obliterated. There sleeps a little sloping plain, only; as idle and as empty as in that spring of 1769 when, basking in sunny quietude, it awaited unaware that it had become the objective of the greatest of the South Sea Exploration parties.

The story of the Sacred Expedition of José de Gálvez has been told many times. Material for this chapter was taken chiefly from:

Palou's **New California,** Vol. I. Edited by Herbert Eugene Bolton.

San Diego Mission; Fr. Zephyrin Engelhardt, O.F.M.

Spanish Alta California: Alberta Johnston Denis.

Father Junipero and His Work: Helen Hunt Jackson.

The Old Franciscan Missions of California: George Wharton James.

A good bibliography on this subject is included in **California, Romantic and Beautiful:** George Wharton James.

LA PUNTA DE LA LOMA

Sometimes when afternoon has written peace
On Loma's forehead, and the ocean turns
To carry blue back to the sky in urns
Of sapphire, then this turquoise shore is Greece;
And Greece walks where my iris borders cease!
With Clytie's passion larkspur sunward burns;
Lobelia, Daphne-wise, Apollo spurns.
Point Loma might be Thracic Chersonese

Blown to blue bloom against this fragile stair
Of amethystine sea, mauve hills and skies
And lilac mesas. In such azure air
Drooped Gaea's tragic purple lids . . . where lies
Drowned on that bed of myosotis there
A pool of lupins bluer than her eyes.

* * *

"La Loma de San Diego!"

The first of the land expeditions of 1769 under Captain Fernando Rivera y Moncada saw the hill of San Diego on Sunday afternoon, May 14th. Down from the Cuyamacas had marched that foot-weary group of pathfinders; as, a few weeks later marched Father Serra and Don Gaspar de Portolá. Awed and enraptured they stood upon the mesa above the bay and beheld for the first time the headland shelter the winding vast harbor, greater than any other they had seen.

"La Loma de San Diego!" At that cry down knelt priests in their dusty brown robes; officers in

their plumed hats, velvet short coats, slashed breeches, colorful sashes and picturesque boots; soldiers in their leathern jackets; muleteers in their high-peaked, broad-winged hats; Indians in their sun-browned nakedness—and gave thanks all of them for the sight finally of the majestic hill that held their hearts' bravest hopes safely enfolded. The San Carlos and the San Antonio rocked serenely at anchor.

The name Loma seems to have attached itself immediately to the headland. After July 1st, 1769, it was fixed in the minds of those who were to remain at San Diego with Father Serra. These were Padres Parron and Gómez, Captain Vicente Vila, five sailors and a few neophyte Indians from California Baja, as well as eight soldiers in charge of Sergeant Ortega. About two dozen men began speaking thus of the landing place, near which the disabled San Carlos lay. From Loma Captain Juan Pérez on July 9 sailed the San Antonio (with a crew of convalescent sailors) back to San Blas, there to report the situation in California to the Visitador de Gálvez. From Loma with about sixty persons Don Gaspar de Portolá set out on July 14 to march northward.

There came with the first expedition no women, of course; though a few of the soldiers were married and had in Mexico intimate home ties. When next year the San Antonio, and thereafter annually other supply ships returned to the landing place at La Playa, these families were gradually reunited. Homes were projected. Ranches were projected. After five years San Diegans had forty cows, sixty-four sheep, fifty-five goats, nineteen pigs, four asses, seventeen breeding mares, three colts, nine horses, four saddle mules, eighteen pack mules, and were sending to San Blas for a canoe and net so that Indians might help fish. At the opening of the new century there were at San

Diego seven hundred males and over eight hundred females.

By the time the adobe square on Presidio Hill was completed, that fortified enclosure was overflowing with domestic groups, unmarried soldiers, clericals and Indian servants. It contained a chapel, an executive chamber, a jail and a blacksmith shop. Such intimate proximity was found to have its drawbacks; and the mission moved up the valley; the householders began to build new adobe homes on the level sweep where today Old Town stands. And standing today also are the shells of two at least of those "mud houses" erected by prospering colonials.

Those gay, proud Carrillos, Estudillos, Machados and other aristocrats, dashing about on their fine horses, looked across the bay's crooked elbow upon the long gray hill that dipped so suddenly into the ocean. "La Punta" was to the Old Town caballero and his wife and children an ever-changing picture. Pristine beauty which on these laughing hills and genial vales had flamed unchallenged down untold ages was not yet doomed. Dawn touched La Punta, setting pink candles within its thousand rugged bronze sconces; noons poured white fire upon it; sunset bathed it in rivers of gold; young evening turned it bluer than the myosotis blooms upon its slopes; night left it a black blur upon the vast, unmeasured purple and silver-glittered sky. On gray days it was diminished and all but lost, like torn silken strips. When on a spring afternoon high fogs wreathed it, it had the look of a veiled bride. For the first colonials, every hour of every day and night their exile knew, La Punta, rugged spur of coarse and crumbling sandstone was a shape of perfect beauty.

In Bancroft's **History of California,** at page 456 of the first volume, there is shown a map which bears

the date 1782: thirteen years after the founding at San Diego of the Presidio of the first Mission in California. The headland which Cabrillo had named California, and which Vizcaíno had named San Diego, is on this 1782 map indicated thus:

Pa. de la Loma de S. Diego.

Punta de la Loma de San Diego—that is, the Point of the Hill of San Diego. Point Loma lay at the door of the Presidio dwellers. Upon it grazed their young herds of long-horned cattle, of thoroughbred horses. Its trails were their bridle paths; its beaches their pleasure grounds. Daily they were passing back and forth between Point Loma and that "brown and windy hill" which they were calling San Diego town. So often they spoke the name, la Punta de la Loma, that custom rounded the expression into Punta Loma;Point Hill. This map of 1782 is without doubt the first published record of the present designation of the place where California began.

At last Point Loma had its small importance in the world; and began to be known abroad and here and there on the Pacific Coast, as the first home port for vessels up from the South. Even on the Atlantic seaboard, before the close of the eighteenth century, it was recognized as the landing-place for the first of the Spanish "New Establishments." A ship bound for the Establishment of San Diego had reached its destination when it nosed around Ballast Point and came to anchor off La Playa—a crescent beach which has oftenest been compared to that famous crescent by which Naples encloses the loveliest of all the Mediterranean harbors.

For this chapter material was taken from:
History of California, (Vol. I): H. H. Bancroft.
Founding of Spanish California: Charles Edward Chapman.
History of San Diego: William E. Smythe.
San Diego Mission: Fr. Zephyrin Engelhardt, O.F.M.

SPANISH CASTILLO

Faced on the outer bay, a 'dobe fort.
Stood up on Ballast Point, by grandees manned—
With Don José Velásquez in command—
Defenders of this sky-bright Spanish port.
In idleness they watched bold dolphins sport;
The placid vacant waters daily scanned,
And nightly danced upon the level strand
With ladies who had once graced Madrid court.

Today the grass-grown earthworks still engird
That beach where shrill tempestuous fanfarons
Once cannonaded Yankee Lelia Byrd.
Today I dreamed I saw those doughty dons
Alive and fighting. Yes . . . I thought I heard
An echo of ten feeble Spanish guns.

* * *

As early as 1793 the unwelcome British flag was flying in the waters off Point Loma; the Discovery, Captain George Vancouver, arriving here in November of that year. Comandante José de Zuñiga at the Presidio had just been advanced to a captaincy elsewhere; but he remained here long enough to receive, entertain and make friends with the foreigner, who in his work, **Voyage of Discovery,** later made some very pertinent comments upon conditions in this port.

> The Presidio of San Diego seemed to be the least of the Spanish establishments . . . with little difficulty it might be rendered a

> place of considerable strength, by establishing a small force at the entrance of the port; where at this time there were neither works, guns, houses, or other habitations . . .

Thus aroused, by a Britisher, from their dreamful inactivity, San Diego Spaniards immediately projected a fort on Ballast Point. The plans, drawn by an able engineer, Alberto de Córdoba, in 1795, included the installing of ten guns. Immediately projected, I have said; but the actual work was not completed until after the nineteenth century had opened.

The fort was of adobe; the mud and straw mixed and molded by Diegueño Indians. The walls were four feet thick—arrow proof—and heat-proof—and cold-proof; and facing the bay were ten outwardly flaring openings through which the guns were upon one occasion, at least, fired. An abundance of powder and ball was on hand. While the castillo was still new, and before the winds and rains had had time to wash down and soften its sharp angles, an opportunity came in which to test its strength and the courage of its Catalonian soldiery.

It was in February of 1803 that the Boston-owned ship, Alexander, Captain John Brown, put in at La Playa, anchoring where two hundred years previously Vizcaíno had anchored. On being challenged as to his intentions here, Captain Brown answered that his crew were suffering from scurvy—an old and a good excuse!—and asked for assistance. In command at the Presidio was Don Manuel Rodríguez, who, notwithstanding the strict law prohibiting intercourse between foreigners and the colony, gave Captain Brown permission to land some distance from the fort and to remain not more than a week. The Comandante, with true Spanish hospitality, sent down fresh vegetables and beef to the supposedly suffering men. Later, sus-

pecting that Captain Brown's intentions were not exactly the restoration of the health of some of his crew, the Comandante ordered the Alexander searched; and he found no less than five hundred otter skins which had been exchanged by the soldiers or the Indians or both for "liquors, bright colored cloths and trinkets." Orders were issued for the immediate departure of the visitors, it is needless to say.

Within two weeks, and while this piece of Yankee insolence was yet under discussion, into the harbor sailed one evening another Yankee brig, the Lelia Byrd, Captain William Shaler. Associated with Shaler, a half owner of the brig, was Richard J. Cleveland, a Salem, Massachusetts man, who had traded long enough on the Pacific coast to be entirely familiar with all its peculiarities; long enough to have built a substantial fortune. Having outfitted the Lelia Byrd at Hamburg, Shaler decided to try his luck along the coast of the Californias whither he had not yet ventured. His cargo consisted of a large and varied assortment of cheap tinware, household utensils, trinkets, cotton prints, stockings, ribbons, implements. During the latter half of 1802 the Lelia Byrd lay at San Blas, and there took on sixteen hundred otter skins; at the same time disposing of ten thousand dollars' worth of American and European goods. Of course, this very excellent profit was not the result of legitimate trade. The manufactured goods were there to be gotten rid of "by hook or crook;" and otter skins could be acquired only through illicit traffic.

After having been thoroughly overhauled at Tres Marías, the Lelia Byrd headed for San Diego. At sight of her, down from the Presidio, across the white La Playa trail, galloped Comandante Rodríguez; and, with an escort of twelve soldiers boarded the guest ship. There was the customary exchange of courtesies;

after which, in characteristic fiery impatience the Comandante demanded.

"And what is your business here, sir?"

"I need supplies, sir!" twinkled the smart Yankee captain; his eye on the Spaniard, his mind on the otter skins which he was pretty sure of securing on the lonely and unprotected Loma shore. "Wood and water, particularly, I must have."

"Wood the Indians will find you. Water must be hauled down from the river. There will of course be no attempt at trading here!"

Shaler nodded. No trading! Yet at nightfall he proceeded to do what he had come to do: sent a boat over to the shore; and this in spite of—or rather, because of—the precaution taken by Rodríguez of leaving a guard of five soldiers on board the brig. For, in charge of this guard was a certain Sergeant Arce; who, being of a talkative habit and finding in the Americans an eager audience, informed Shaler and Cleveland that Rodríguez had at the Presidio at least a thousand otter skins, including those recently taken from the Alexander. But Comandante Rodríguez was not to be easily deceived. He sold the foreigners all the wood and water which they required; he paid them an official farewell visit, wishing them bon voyage; and, still keeping Sergeant Arce and the guard on board, seemed to return to the Presidio. The Yankees had made every effort openly to buy the pelts in Rodríguez's possession; but in vain. Now, on the eve of departure, they sent two boats over to the shore; one of which returned to the brig with a few otter skins bought from some of the soldiers; the other was seized by Rodríguez; and its occupants were bound and obliged to remain all night on shore. Among these was Richard Cleveland. Three soldiers were left on guard while Rodríguez hurried over to the battery.

In command of the castillo was Corporal José Velásquez. In his possession was found a considerable store of goods which could have come from nowhere but an American ship; also about forty otter skins in readiness for delivery. Something unforeseen had happened. For once, the Yankee got the wrong end of a smart bargain; for the Spaniards were in possession of beads and beef, pelts and pay.

While at the battery all was in confusion, owing to the unexpected appearance of the Comandante, on the shore the Americans were having a small triumph. They were able to bully the beach guard into releasing the captives; after which they dipped the Spanish pistols into the waters of the bay and then hurried aboard their own brig.

Into the fort, immediately thereafter, rushed one Antonio Guillen.

"They are sailing!" he panted. "And taking with them Sergeant Arce and the guard!"

Up went the Spanish flag. A blank was fired; for, there before their eyes, the Spaniards saw the sails on the Lelia Byrd already swelling. However, there was but little wind, and it took the American some time to come round Ballast Point—to get within gunshot. The Spanish fire having commenced, continued; though Sergeant Arce and his San Diego companions, lashed to the brig's rail in conspicuous positions, loudly implored the mercy of Heaven as well as of the land and sea forces. It was a real battle; the Americans returned shot for shot from their six three-pounders; though soon after the first broadside, the Spaniards, en masse, rushed up the sharp little rise where the barracks of Fort Rosecrans now stand. Then, an unidentified Spanish soldier returned and mounted the ramparts of the new fort, waved his hat and shouted,

"Desist! We give up!"

Whereupon Shaler released Arce and his frightened comrades and put them on shore. Touching Point Loma, the grateful ones raised an appreciative cry.

"Vivan los Americanos!"

And the Lelia Byrd slipped out to sea; her rigging and sails slightly injured; her hull somewhat damaged. The naval battle off Point Loma lasted three-quarters of an hour but not a drop of blood was shed. However there was considerable danger to the throng of caballeros and ladies from Old Town who dashed down to Ballast Point to witness the fray. Its chief result was the advertising of the fact that here was a good field for smuggling! Other Yankee ships came; and English and Russian ships; and a lucrative trade in otter skins became the forerunner of legitimate trade in cattle hides.

Ballyhooers cry much nonsense; guides and oldest residents peddle much misinformation; so that not many persons are aware that once upon Ballast Point arose a Spanish castillo, manned by Spanish soldiers. One old-timer thus scoffed:

"By gollies, lady, I tell you twan't never there. Wouldn't Captain What's-His-Name at Fort Rosecrans know something about it, if it was ever there? Ain't a man of the reservation believes any such yarn. It couldn't ha'been . . . and if it 'twas, 'twas Mexican and not Spanish."

Beneath his feet lay a bit of scorched hand-made ladrillo. But to him it was no evidence of the castillo. It was merely a dirty brickbat burned in one of the old try-pot fires. However, those little pieces of brick and of ladrillos can be traced all along the old road that in the early fifties the United States Government opened from Ballast Point to the site of the upper Point Loma Light—the so-called "Spanish" Light; into the base-

ment of which were built adobes originally laid in foundation and wall of the castillo.

These facts stand: In November, 1796, the esplanade, powder magazine and flag of the fort were ceremoniously blessed. In 1796 three Americans, William Katt, Barnaby Jan and John Stephens, natives of Boston, were somewhere along the California coast left behind by the American ship, Gallant. Finding their way to the Presidio of San Diego, they were sent over to Point Loma and put to work on the castillo. Other laborers and certain timbers were shipped from Monterey. Axletrees and wheels for ten carts were furnished by Santa Barbara mission; and bricks and tiles were made by Indian laborers at the Presidio here and brought on a flatboat across to Ballast Point; though the old La Playa trail was being considered as a widened roadway in 1798.

Robinson in 1828, in the historic Brookline, anchored "close under the guns of the low fortification." When in 1842 he returned to San Diego, he found the place "without powder, and the guns of the fort dismounted." One of these guns long stood in the Plaza of Old Town; another was in possession of the San Diego Chamber of Commerce; one or the other of these having been raised out of the harbor into which they had been ignominiously dumped.

The Lelia Byrd, after putting in at San Quintín, in Lower California, there meeting and comparing notes with Captain Brown of the Alexander, sailed for Hawaii; later disposing of goods, contraband and other sorts, in China.

As for Corporal Velásquez, despite his gallantry during that three-fourths of an hour while he kept a Spanish gun barking from every embrasure of the castillo, he was put under arrest by the Comandante for having American trade goods in his possession. The

corporal passes out of the story, protesting that he had nothing to do with contraband—that between him and Captain Shaler and the Lelia Byrd's first mate, Cleveland, there had been simply a friendly exchange of gifts intended. Afterward these goods were sold by the Comandante; and the proceeds, about two hundred and twelve pesos, divided among four soldiers.

Material for this chapter was chosen from

California Pastoral: Bancroft.
History of California, Vols. I and II: Bancroft.
Voyage of Discovery: George Vancouver.
San Diego Mission: Fr. Zephyrin Engelhardt, O.F.M.
History of San Diego: William E. Smythe.
California Under Spain and Mexico: Irving Berdine Richman.
Life in California: Alfred Robinson.
First-hand, though conflicting, evidence may be found in:
Narrative of Voyages and Commercial Enterprises: Richard Cleveland, published in 1842. (Cambridge).
Lo Acaecido con Tripulantes de la Fragata 'Lelia Bird', con Motivo de Compra de Nútrias: Manuel Rodríguez, Ms. 1803.

OLD SHIPS

With blue armorial banners, breeze-filled, big—
What Spanish rovers, avid of the West,
Edged round low Ballast Point and came to rest!
What Yankee sloop, bark, whaler, schooner, brig!
What English craft, snug-cabined, trim and trig;
Afloat on pools of silver light and pressed
By purple fingers of near hills, spring-dressed
In colonial plantings of young grape and fig!

To Loma's light, hung on a willow post,
Old sailing vessels, manned by valiants,
Nosed their sure way along the western coast:
The Sachem, Rosa, Tasso, Brookline, Lance . . .
Here swung each small phantasmal anchored ghost,
Unloading, loading cargoes of romance.

* * *

It would be a fascinating task to try to trace the comings and goings of all the sailing vessels that once anchored in this "truly magnificent and with-reason-famous port"—off La Playa. Each landing here was epochal for all California; each meant a California beginning of one sort or another. Here for the first time, otter skins were smuggled aboard a foreign vessel; ox-hides were packed into a Yankee hold until the bolts started; grain was shipped. Here for the first time, white women and children set foot on California soil; Boston-made boots and shoes arrived; Yankee-sawed lumber was put to use.

The list of sailing ships in port would begin with

the date September 28, 1542 and with the names San Salvador and Victoria; and it would close with the year 1850 or thereabout, when the first steamship line was opened between San Diego and San Francisco, and the Goliah and Orizaba began regular passenger and freight service in response to the demands of the "gold rush."

But the making of such a record is impossible. There was for long years so much unofficial slipping in and slipping out of harbor, due to the increasing temerity of American trader-smugglers and to the deplorable lack of necessities at the mission, that only the padres and Indians who had hides to sell and the captains and crews of the ships were ever able to compile the facts. Then too, in earlier years, while the Mexican supply ships were yearly arriving from San Blas, there was so much of monotonous custom in this event that the names of several of those carriers of chapel bells and garden seeds, holy oil and baking irons have been forgotten.

In law and in popular usage the word ship is applied broadly to almost any vessel large enough for a crew to live on board; but during the last years, at least, of the era of sailing ships, it was a word rather rigidly restricted, in nautical circles, to a vessel carrying three or more square-rigged masts. The San Salvador and the Victoria, therefore, were hardly deserving of the name of ship; for, if the old representations are accurate, these vessels carried square sail on the fore and main masts and lateen on the mizzen; while, in respect of size, speed and seaworthiness, they were but slightly in advance of ancient Phoenician craft. Descriptions of vessels of the middle of the sixteenth century show them to have been light of draught with broad floors; and their seams opened in spite of the strength with which they were customarily put to-

gether. They were bolted with iron spikes; and it was not long before they became "nail sick." Their masts and spars were usually too heavy and their standing rigging too weak. Herbert E. Bolton in his **Spanish Explorations** is quoting Professor George Davidson where he remarks of Cabrillo's vessels that they were smaller than any present-day coasting schooner and were "poorly built and very badly outfitted;" being manned by untrained Mexicans and by conscripts. The lack of suitable provisions was such that when they put into this bay every man on board was affected by scurvy.

However, these first arrivals were and must remain ships of glamor. Their square sails were decorated with designs cut out of colored cloth and stitched on the canvas; they were adorned with glittering gilt figureheads; with silken streamers and banners and "warlike ensignes." Into California they brought a quality of beauty and of romance that had been completely lacking from the history of the United States of America had Cabrillo not succeeded in reaching these shores.

The practice of decorating a ship's sails went out of fashion toward the close of Elizabeth's reign; and it is doubtful if the ships of Vizcaíno which were here at the opening of the seventeenth century were so adorned. The flagship, San Diego, showed considerable improvement in naval architecture over the ships of Cabrillo. Beside the lateen mizzen, the San Diego carried a square topsail; compared with the "wooden walls" of the sixteenth century she was almost modern. Science in shipbuilding had taken the place of guesswork. The 1602 ship was longer and stouter than the 1542 ship; it had more conveniences, though as yet no provision had been made for tanks in which to carry fresh water. It spread more canvas and made

better time; but no advance whatever had been made in the matter of checking scurvy. To go to sea in the seventeenth century was still to invite the attack of the sailor's scourge. With the San Diego, Vizcaíno's "capitana," were the Tres Reyes a barcolongo, and four unnamed launches; making a total up to 1769 of eight "white man's water-walkers" in port.

The San Carlos and the San Antonio of 1769 bring the list to ten. The San Carlos was a brigantine—a two-masted vessel, carrying eleven sails—and (theoretically at least) was able to sail much closer to the wind than her predecessors. Formerly called the Toison de Oro (Golden Fleece) this vessel was notoriously badly built. A paquebot the Spanish records name her; fitted to carry packages, mail, passengers and goods; and she left Mexican waters with supplies to last eight months or a year. A paquebot also was the San Antonio, called elsewhere El Principe. How the San Antonio, though a month later in starting than her sister ship, arrived here a month earlier, has been many times related. It was the same paquebot which left La Playa on July 9, 1769, carrying back to Mexico many sick men, and manned solely by five ailing sailors. Of all those on board nine had died before she reached San Blas twenty days later. Once more, reconditioned and loaded with necessities, the San Antonio returned in March of the following year, and prevented the abandonment of the Mission of San Diego de Alcalá; because, for Padre Serra and Captain Portolá the San Antonio's return with supplies meant nothing but perfect good faith on the part of the Spanish government in attempting, at last, to colonize California Alta; it was an evidence "that the government was thoroughly in earnest in its intention of colonizing the country and ready to furnish all the support necessary for carrying its purpose into effect." Again the San Antonio sailed

away, April 16, to the North; and on her return to San Blas did not stop here; though for many years she carried supplies to colonials at Monterey and at San Diego, and was the most familiar of the Spanish vessels.

The San Carlos, almost wholly disabled and without a crew, had been lying in the La Playa basin for fifteen months when Captain Vila at last procured a crew consisting of one soldier, two cowboys and five of his own recuperated sailors, and set sail for San Blas. And this paquebot during the period of Spanish occupancy of California Alta became a more or less regular visitor here; bringing candeleros de cristal fino, cortinos azules, botones grandes, dedales de cobre, etc., etc., according to the lists of receipts left by Fray Martín of the Mission. Lying here in this "desired port," moored stem and stern with from four to six anchors and many cables!

Of the vessels of exploration sent into the Pacific by England and France, the British sloop-of-war Discovery—unless, perhaps, as some writers think, she was accompanied by the English Chatham and Daedalus—was the only one to anchor off La Playa. The Discovery carried twenty guns and one hundred men; her captain, George Vancouver, a distinguished young man, was in command of an "expedition sent out for scientific research and exploration, under royal orders;" his arrival here on November 27th, 1793, he records in these words:

> About two in the afternoon . . . we anchored in ten fathoms of water, fine sandy bottom, at the usual place of anchorage in the harbor . . . Punto de Guiranos (Guijarros) a low spit of land, projecting from the high steep cliffs . . . and which, properly speaking, constitutes

the west point of the entrance into the port . . .

Remaining twelve days, Vancouver produced a profound impression upon the small officialdom at the Presidio, and gave the whole sleeping community a nudge from which it never perfectly recovered. Though his visit was marked by exquisite courtesy on both sides, his "presence disturbed and alarmed the Spanish"; and after this, the eleventh vessel to enter the harbor, there were repeated precautionary orders issued against foreign ships. In the early part of the year 1797 an English invasion was quite generally expected in California. Locally, "great reliance was placed on the battery at Point Guijarros;" but, though the armed frigate Princesa awaited from June to October, no English sail appeared.

During the last year of the eighteenth century an English sloop-of-war bearing a Spanish name, Mercedes, made a brief but unimportant visit. No record comes down other than just this: she was here. What she did, why she came, none knows. Whether she should be entered on our imaginary table of "furrin craft" as number twelve or number fourteen, there is no telling.

In 1800 one of the transports from Mexico brought San Diego eight foundling children to rear. Natives or unwanted little ones of grandee blood, who knows? In 1800 also, on the 27th of August, came the first Yankee—the Betsy—Captain Charles Winship; carrying nineteen men, ten guns; asking for wood and water; staying ten days. Though somnolent old La Playa did not at once awake to American hustle and bustle, there truly a beginning was made; for, after this little visit of the Betsy the New England trader was at home in all the ports of California Alta. Perhaps the Betsy herself unloaded no gimcracks here;

perhaps she sailed off without contraband. But it is at least rather queer that immediately thereafter it became the custom for Yankee owners to load a vessel with shears, axes, saws, bottles, glasses, cotton, muslin, striped ribbons . . . and to send her forth, without destination other than the Pacific . . . to trade. The captain's orders were just that; to trade wherever a bargain could be struck: a jack-knife for a steer's hide; a string of beads for an otter skin.

The period from 1800 to 1810 has been called the "Golden Age of the California missions"; while herds and flocks and crops miraculously increased; while Indian neophytes multiplied in docility and usefulness; while padres and retired soldiers grew rich. Bancroft says that San Diego was particularly dull during this period and for several years afterwards.

> Only twice did they see upon their fine bay the sail of any craft except their own flat-boat plying lazily to and from Point Guijarros, when Wilcox in the Traveler came for a load of grain in September, 1817; and the whaler Discovery refitted in the port in the port in August, 1820.

An inaccuracy this; for there is the record of the Alexander, and that of the fighting Lelia Byrd; of the Enterprise that touched here in 1801; of the Activo convoyed by the Princesa in 1807; of the Mercury, Captain Eyres under a Russian contract in 1808; of the brigantine Cossack which in 1819 brought a force of one hundred Mazatlan troops, under Captain Pablo de Portilla, a man of high character and excellent discipline, who long remained in California Alta.

All count has been lost, already, of the ships that sailed in and sailed out of the first port of call of Upper California; and the record that recalls the ensuing

years becomes even more fragmentary. In 1821 the Nueva Reína de los Angeles, Captain José Bandini (founder of the noblest of San Diego's families) in November left for San Blas. When he came is not published. In September of this year the American schooner Eagle, called by the Spaniards Aguila, was refused supplies, being suspected of smuggling intentions.

After April 11, 1822, California Alta was no longer a dependency of Spain. Though Spanish laws had strictly forbidden all trading with foreign vessels, and even with Spanish vessels—except with the regular transports—the friars, soldiers and Indians had long welcomed the strangers. In secret hiding places were stores of the pelts of sea-otters, beavers, wild cats, badgers, foxes, squirrels and moles; and adventurers to China who could manage a brief stay here were more than repaid by fabulous Canton prices for all the risks they ran. Now in 1822 San Diego was publicly opened to foreign trade by decree of the Mexican cortés; but so far as facts remain in historical accounts, it seems that not a single foreign vessel approached.

It seems also, paradoxically, that the missionaries were immediately drawing heavy commerce from abroad "that supplied many luxuries in exchange for ranch and mission products." Adventure, thrilling and delicious, marked the arrival of ships; for, though it was no longer forbidden to welcome and make friends with strange captains and ships' officers, still the custom was so new that caballeros and señoritas made a social event of every landing. "And cold the heart not to relish the gayety and enjoyment that followed the dropping of the anchor at La Playa," says Bancroft. "Liberality on one side, unbounded hospitality on the

other, contributed to gild and prolong the festive hours."

In 1823 there were seventeen vessels on the coast, mostly traders who did everywhere a lively business. The John Begg paid duties at San Diego amounting to fifteen hundred dollars. In May an English ship, the Thomas Nowlan, William Clark, master, lay off Ballast Point. The next year brought here the Mentor in September; and in December the Arab. Forty-seven vessels were in California waters in 1825, of which seventeen were whalers. Among all these visitors, the most picturesque, by far was Benjamin Morrell, Jr., captain of the Tartar, who was in San Diego about twelve days, during which time—he says in his book, **Narrative of Four Voyages**—a whale boat was built here. Captain Morrell is famous for having drawn upon a convenient imagination for many of his reports of conditions in California; among the most fanciful being his description of San Diego Presidio and of Old Town. According to him, these hills and flats were the center of a thriving, enterprising city of fifteen hundred inhabitants, "principally natives of the coast." However, the gentleman was very busy about the bay and Point Loma shore, catching, or trying to catch seals; and five or six years had elapsed before his book was written. If he had adhered more strictly to sober truth, the **Narrative of Four Voyages** might not have stirred so profoundly as it actually did the ambitions of other young Yankee seamen.

Duties to the amount of nearly seventeen hundred dollars were paid into the La Playa customs house in 1826. Forty-four vessels reached the Pacific coast that year; but how many came into this port is unknown. Only the name Rover appears. So the list lengthens: thirty-three vessels in 1827; thirty-six in 1829—with duties paid of thirty-four thousand dollars here.

"Something very like a customs house was maintained," Bancroft says. Juan Bandini was Collector of Customs; that same Juan Bandini whom Robinson in his **Life in California** and Dana in his **Two Years Before the Mast** mention with much admiration and even affection; whose courtly manners and impoverished early years made him a rather pathetic figure; whose tact and enthusiasm and sterling worth brought him into prominence as one of the finest types of native Californians during the transition period preceding admission into the Union of the Golden State.

When Dana was stationed at La Playa in 1835-36 the coming and going of foreign ships had become one of the local humdrums.

Inaccuracy must reign where for facts we depend upon hearsay and mere echoes of old reports. All the ships that entered San Diego Bay and anchored before the earliest California landing place prior to 1850 will never be named. For the very fragmentary data collected into this chapter reliance has been placed chiefly upon the following authorities:

History of California: Theodore H. Hittell.
History of California, Vol. I: Hubert Howe Bancroft.
Voyage of Discovery: George Vancouver.
Spanish Alta California: Alberta Johnston Denis.
San Diego Mission: Fr. Zephyrin Engelhardt, O. F. M.
California Under Spain and Mexico: I. B. Richman.
History of San Diego: William E. Smythe.
California Pastoral: H. H. Bancroft.
Two Years Before the Mast: Richard Henry Dana, Jr.
Life in California: Alfred D. Robinson.
Sailing Ships and Their Story: E. Keble Chatterton.
Sixty Years in California: William Heath Davis.

SHORE WAYS

I dipped an idle hand into the sea
While tears for lost old friends my pale face wet.
Against my hand is their gripping pressure yet,
As if they claimed my living company!
Now I've the dreadful weird of kin to dree:
Mad cries of storm my ears will not forget;
Nor shrieks of taut ships' ropes; nor seagulls' fret.
For the tragic trafficking of seas belong to me.

Mine that boy's arm that hugs the reeling mast,
And mine the hungry mouth that will not eat
Except where ships are drifting proud and fast,
And where a deck comes staggering to my feet.
Because across my eyes sea's cold breath passed
I have the curse of perished mates to meet.

* * *

The scene of the most flourishing hide-droghing business on the Pacific Coast during the period 1824-1846 was old La Playa on Point Loma. Here a cosmopolitan town, a Mexican customs house its nucleus, grew. I know where that central building stood, white in the sand-drifted small plaza; though its large square chambers, broad verandas and thick earthen walls have long since dissolved and blown away; though its huge timbers of sycamore and pine bound with rawhide have been carried off and burned.

The attitude of Mexico toward foreigners was largely imitative of the attitude of Spain; cold-shouldered, repellent. Ships bringing merchandise after

1822 were supposed to have their cargoes landed and thoroughly inspected by a Mexican comisario. The Mexican governor, José María Echeandía, was living in San Diego in 1828 when he appointed Juan Bandini, "a man of fair abilities and education, of generous impulses, of jovial temperament, famous for his gentlemanly manners," to the important position of comisario subalterno. As customs officer Juan Bandini that year collected receipts to the amount of $117,267.00! "He was polite to everyone," says Dana; and, because of his affable treatment of them, Yankee shipmasters when at La Playa had less recourse to Yankee tricks than when they landed elsewhere—at Monterey, for instance. Catalina Island was smuggling headquarters for nearly every American ship that put into Monterey at one time; for, as John Steven McGroarty points out, in that port "to defeat the custom laws was as customary in those days" as it has been in all the great ports ever since.

When business in the buying and selling of otter skins began to fall off, Boston and New Bedford captains of industry began coming for cattle hides; though the whaling industry was at the height of its importance along this coast, during the second and third decades of the nineteenth century. The beginnings of southwestern prosperity in the United States of America were here: where the tough little black cows walked with Rivera and Portolá, with Anza and Fages over the granite sand paths of the Coast Range down into the fat valleys of Santa Ysabel and Santa María, over the San Diego mesa, out upon the near feeding grounds of Point Loma. And when on the silver screen are flashed the stir of rodeo, the rocking of swift broncos timed to the dust-blinded whirl of beef; when to the imagination called by quiet hard words of the old West arise the shapes of early cowmen, we ought

to remember the firstlings—the seven cows and the one bull turned out to graze here in July of 1769; for they represent trade, barter, and the holdings of gold which brought Captain Henry D. Fitch out of Yankeeland, pioneer James Ohio Pattie out of Kentucky, trapper Jedediah Smith from Utah. In 1828, at one time or another, these three were witnesses of the hide and tallow trade as it throve at La Playa.

Prosaic enough was that hide and tallow trade, I suppose; and yet, passionate with romance the memory of it returns upon our still hearts. Before the Franciscan hurried northward, the Jesuit in California Baja was milking his little black Luda, and teaching his young black steers to bear the oaken yoke; and when the years of Spanish domination ended, cattle were grazing upon the grass bottoms of a thousand California streams; all California, in fact, from San Diego to far Soledad, carried its wandering shadows of unherded cattle. When the first hide house, that of the Brookline, was built at La Playa these little hills were black with cows.

Bancroft thinks that in 1821 there were no buildings of any kind on the beach; but during the early thirties, according to Dana, there were gathered into rude dwellings at La Playa men from "nearly every nation under the sun." English were here; Yankees, Scotchmen, Welshmen, Irishmen, Frenchmen, Dutchmen . . . Spaniards, of course; and Mexicans; Austrians, Portuguese, Russians; from South America came Chileans, Indians and Negroes; and there were also Sandwich Islanders—called by everyone here "Kanakas"; in addition to the native Indians and the "Californians," as the Spanish settlers were beginning to call themselves. Strays and outcasts, convicts and voluntary exiles, gentlemen of fortune they were, tak-

ing their chances to work and "have a taste of molasses and brown sugar."

For a quarter of a century, very roughly speaking, that San Diego which was La Playa on Point Loma enjoyed a "boom." Close to the shore were those immense, crudely constructed hide houses, the center of attraction for all the Yankee trading ships on the Coast. Here the sailors had brief respites from the sea—shore duty, such as it was. Here they scraped and soaked and stacked the hides that were destined for eastern leather houses; here they had their first and last glimpses of California. Besides these hide houses, in "Hide Park," as Alfred D. Robinson named that old La Playa of hide-droghing days, there were other warehouses erected for the storage of tallow which was destined for Peru and Mexico.

Much of the property on the bay side of Point Loma was mapped about the middle of the last century by Mr. Cave Johnson Couts. This Couts map, aside from its value to the exchangers of real estate, establishes the position of Customs House Square in old La Playa. Today Customs House Square is less than a ghost of memory. Sage brush and cactus hide the scattered fragments of adobes that formed the walls and of tile that roofed the aduana there; though, for one who obtains governmental permission to search, these fragments are still discoverable. On the Couts map is other, indisputable proof: it shows the position and direction of all those little Playa streets that no one now living remembers; and it includes among them one South Customs House Street.

Alfred D. Robinson was here at the very beginning of the hide trade. His wedding with one of California's highborn señoritas lends much light and picturesqueness to the Dana narrative. It was in July, 1828, when Robinson's identification with "the north-

west coast of America" began; when he sailed on the ship Brookline, and came to St. Diego, as he names La Playa, the Presidio and Old Town together.

"At last we came in sight of the bluff point of St. Diego," he writes.

He describes how the ship ran in and anchored close under the guns of the low fortification on Point Guijarros, and began preparations for a long stay; how the lumber was discharged and the carpenter commenced immediately upon the erection of a large house in which to store hides; and which, when finished, served as a "place of accommodation for the lighter part of the cargo while under the examination and care of the custom-house officers." While all this was going on, he says, he and a friend visited the Presidio. On their way along the La Playa trail they passed a small unfinished shanty, "which had been erected some time before as a custom-house; but owing to its incapacity and situation (about a league from the landing place) had been abandoned."

Intrigued by those romantic days of Yankee trading in California ports, Gertrude Atherton and others have presented many lively pictures to their readers; so that even the briefest of remarks upon this subject might seem unjustifiable. However, Robinson's account deals particularly with Point Loma waters; with a trade ship anchored here at California's beginning place, which in many ways was still first and foremost in the eyes of foreigners; and it will therefore bear repeating, I trust.

"Our accounts with the Custom-House were soon adjusted, and we were prepared to commence our trade. Visitors were numerous, both male and female, who came on board to purchase. Amongst others the reverend Padre Antonio Peyrí of the Mission of San Luis Rey had expressed a wish to visit his many

friends on shipboard, for besides our own, there were two other vessels then in port; the English brig Vulture, under charter by H. D. Fitch of Massachusetts . . . and the Mexican brig María Ester from Acapulco. The good old priest was accordingly invited, and the last day of his visit was to be passed with us; other friends came also, and dinner was prepared for the occasion.

"As the old gentleman was held in universal respect upon the coast . . . we prepared to receive him with 'all the honors.' Accordingly as the reverend Padre descended the gangway, we thundered forth a salute, and proceeded to show him the different parts of the vessel. Particularly did we call his attention to our trade-room, which had been fitted up with shelves and counters, resembling in appearance a country variety store. The amount of his purchases testified how vastly he had been pleased."

From Dana and from Bancroft we learn with fair accuracy what commodities were sold in the Brookline's trade-room: teas, coffee, sugar, cutlery, clothing, boots and shoes from Lynn, calicoes and cottons from Lowell, jewelry and combs for the ladies, furniture . . . every imaginable thing "from Chinese fireworks to English cart-wheels."

Robinson, speaking of his second visit to "St. Diego," tells how they anchored within pistol shot of the shore, immediately opposite their storehouse, in order to be conveniently located for landing hides.

"Boat after boat, launch after launch was laden and discharged on the beach where men were stationed to receive and pile them upon large spars for protection from the dampness of the ground; some secured together by ropes were placed at low water mark to soak, and two large vats which had been made by the carpenter during our absence were filled with sea

water, into which large quantities of salt were thrown to increase the strength for the second immersion which the hides underwent to prepare them for shipping."

The hide house built by the Brookline was occupied by the mate of the same ship, one James P. Arthur, or Arther, who, with a small party of sailors remained in it for some months, engaged in the curing of hides. There is a touch of Yankee pride, Yankee patriotism, Yankee insolence lighting the somber picture of these lonely men. Point Loma was a headland belonging to Mexico; but Captain Arthur and his comrades on more than one occasion raised over it an American flag—or something which closely resembled our national emblem. It was made by the men themselves: its stripes and stars supplied from the captain's store of red and white shirts; its blue field contributed by a Mr. Green who owned a calico shirt. The **Boston Advertiser,** giving Captain Arthur's account, says:

"It was completed and raised on a Sunday, on the occasion of the arrival of the schooner Washington, Captain Thompson, of the Sandwich Islands, but sailing under the American flag."

This "shirt-tail flag" was later carried to Santa Barbara, when the Brookline moved to that port; and there it was raised whenever an American vessel hove in sight. Flag-making and flag-raising this was, by honest, homesick exiles, nearly twenty years before the stars and stripes were officially thrown to the California breeze! Another beginning made at Point Loma! A symbol prophetic! These men, Arthur and Green, were inspired to identify themselves with the young nation that in the third decade of the nineteenth century had begun to realize she was no longer reckoning her time wholly by Old World time.

Captain John Watkins who for nearly three de-

cades has been on duty at the Quarantine Station at Fort Rosecrans, points out a spot South of the Quarantine wharf where the last of the old La Playa hide houses stood; and West and North a few rods, he indicates a place where for a long time was distinguishable one of the hide-dipping vats and drains. Not far away the remains of a brig were dug up some years ago; and the stout Norwegian wood of which it was made turned into firewood or souvenirs. The Russian oven which Dana, revisiting La Playa in 1859, twenty-three years after his hide-curing days, says he could not find, was not completely destroyed until the eighties. The piles on which it rested were visible at extremely low tide.

Dana wrote:

"As we made the high point off San Diego, Point Loma, we were greeted by the cheering presence of a light-house. As we swept around it in the early morning, there before us lay the little harbor of San Diego, its low spit of sand, where the waters run so deep; the opposite flats where the Alert grounded in starting for home; the low hills without trees, and almost without brush; the quiet little beach; but the chief objects, the hide-house, my eye looked for in vain. They were gone, all, and left no mark behind.

"I wished to be alone, so I let the other passengers go up to the town, and was quietly pulled ashore in a boat, and left to myself. The recollection and emotions all were sad, and only sad.

'Fugit, interia fugit irreparable tempus.'

"The past was real. The present, all about me, was unreal, unnatural, repellent. I saw the big ships lying in the stream, the Alert, the California, the Rosa with her Italians; then the handsome Ayacucho, my favorite; the poor dear old Pilgrim, the home of hardship and helplessness; the boats passing to and fro; the

cries of the sailors at the capstan or falls; the peopled beach; the large hide-houses with their gangs of men; and the Kanakas interspersed everywhere. All, all were gone! not a vestige left to mark where our hide-house stood. The oven, too, was gone. I searched for its site, and found, where I thought it should be, a few broken bricks and bits of mortar.* I alone was left of all, and how strangely was I here! What changes to me! Where were they all? Why should I care for them —poor Kanakas and sailors, the refuse of civilization, the outlaws and beach-combers of the Pacific! Time and death seemed to transfigure them. Doubtless nearly all were dead; but how had they died, and where? In hospitals, in fever climes, in dens of vice, or falling from the mast, or dropping exhausted from the wreck . . .

"The light-hearted boys are now middle-aged men, if the seas, rocks, fevers, and the deadlier enemies that beset a sailor's life on shore had spared them; and the then strong men have bowed themselves, and the earth or sea has covered them.

"Even the animals are gone—the colony of dogs, the broods of poultry, the useful horses; but the coyotes still bark in the woods, for they belong not to man and are not touched by his change.

"I walked slowly up the hill, finding my way among the few bushes, for the path was long grown over, and sat down where we used to rest in carrying our burdens of wood and to look out for vessels that might, though so seldom, be coming down from the windward . . . I passed the familiar objects, and it

* Dana was mistaken in his surmise that on his second visit to Point Loma the old "Russian oven" had disappeared. Many old-timers, including Dr. Fred Baker and Dr. Charlotte Baker, remember that a portion of it was still to be seen at low tide as late as the eighties.

seemed to me that I remembered them better than those of any other place I had ever been in—the opening of the little cave; the low hills where we cut wood and killed rattlesnakes, and where our dogs chased the coyotes; and the black ground where so many of the ship's crew and beach-combers used to bring up on their return at the end of a liberty day and spend the night sub Jove."

Chief among the sources of intimate information relating to the hide-droghing business on Point Loma are

Two Years Before the Mast: Richard Henry Dana, Jr.
Life in California: Alfred D. Robinson.

Other authorities consulted in preparation for this chapter were:

The Doomswoman: Gertrude Atherton.
History of San Diego: William E. Smythe.
History of California: H. H. Bancroft, (Vol. III).

"EL PASO DEL MAR"

Our days of gray on Loma by the sea
Are like gulls' pinions spread and poised, at rest
Upon the wind; are like silk scarfs caressed
By young girls' throats that flutter ceaselessly.
Our days of gray are soft days. They can be
As tranquil as the mated wood dove's breast;
And they can make of North, South, East and
West
And dawn and noon and night monotony:

A sameness of shot silver gauze—a thrill
Diffused across the heart of life and lost
Between the sun and sea-floor. This bare hill
Stands wrapped in thoughts of old rains, dawn-
rains tossed
On fragments of dun clouds; stands smothered,
still . . .
A rock Time's chiaroscuro mists have mossed.

* * *

Once Bayard Taylor visited Point Loma; and afterwards wrought into a rather famous and oft declaimed poem, "The Fight of the Paso del Mar," scenes and bits of fact and splashes of color out of a story that dates back to the days of hide-trading at La Playa.

"Gusty and raw was the morning;
A fog hung over the seas,

And its grey skirts rolling inland,
  Were torn by the mountain trees.

No sound was heard but the dashing
  Of waves on the sandy bar
When Pablo of San Diego
  Rode down to the Paso del Mar.

The pescador, out in his shallop,
  Gathering his harvest so wide,
Sees the dim bulk of the headland
  Loom over the waste of the tide;

He sees, like a white thread, the pathway
  Wind round on the terrible wall,
Where the faint moving speck of the rider
  Seems hovering close to its fall!

Stout Pablo of San Diego
  Rode down from the hills behind;
With the bells on his gray mule tinkling,
  He sang through the fog and wind.

Under his thick, misted eyebrows
  Twinkled his eye like a star,
And fiercer he sang, as the sea-winds
  Drove cold on the Paso del Mar.

Now Bernal, the herdsman of Corral,
  Had traveled the shore since dawn,
Leaving the ranches behind him—
  Good reason had he to be gone!

The blood was still red on his dagger,
  The fury was hot in his brain,
And the chill, driving scud of the breakers,
  Beat thick on his forehead in vain.

With his blanket wrapped gloomily round him,
  He mounted the dizzying road,
And the chasms and steeps of the headland
  Were slippery and wet, as he trod;

Wild swept the wind of the ocean,
  Rolling the fog from afar,
When near him a mule-bell came tinkling,
  Midway on the Paso del Mar!

"Back!" shouted Bernal, full fiercely,
  And "Back!" shouted Pablo in wrath;
As his mule halted, startled and shrinking
  On the perilous line of the path.

The roar of devouring surges
  Came up from the breakers' hoarse war,
And "Back or you perish!" cried Bernal;
  "I turn not on Paso del Mar!"

The gray mule stood firm as the headland;
  He clutched at the jingling rein,
When Pablo rose up in his saddle
  And smote till he dropped it again.

A wild oath of passion swore Bernal,
  And brandished his dagger still red,
While fiercely stout Pablo leaned forward,
  And fought o'er the trusty mule's head.

They fought till the black wall below them
  Shone red through the misty blast;
Stout Pablo then struck, leaning farther,
  The broad beast of Bernal at last,

And, frenzied with pain, the swart herdsman,
  Closed round him with terrible clasp

And jerked him, despite of his struggles,
  Down from the mule in his grasp.

They grappled with desperate madness
  On the slippery edge of the wall;
They swayed on the brink, and together
  Reeled out to the rush of the fall!

A cry of the wildest death-anguish
  Rang faint through the mist afar
And the riderless mule went homeward
  From the fight of Paso del Mar!

The triple tragedy which formed the basis of this grandiose rhyme is but faintly and disproportionately sketched by Bayard Taylor, who has in it taken liberties with facts and scenes and the Spanish scheme of accent. "The gloomy and bloody sequence of events," as an old magazine article portrays them, involved "shipwreck and starvation, love, hatred, murder, revenge and death;" but to have included all would have lengthened the poem to epic proportions.

This is a Point Loma folk tale, "particularly interesting," wrote A. M. Loop in **The Silver Gate,** "to all who have enjoyed the balmy breezes . . . or . . . stood upon beautiful Point Loma, entranced with the magnificence of its view, and have seen the Pacific's great billows pounding at its base five hundred feet below."

The story runs melodramatically: In the days when old San Diego was the shipping point for the mighty ranches of the Southwest, whither rancheros sent innumerable pack-trains laden principally with hides and botas of tallow, timing their arrival with the anchoring of trade-vessels off La Playa, the girl "La Loma" was found.

There had come into port a Mexican trader from

Mazatlan. She had coasted up the California Baja shores, gathering a cargo of abalone shells; and expected to return with provisions bought from American ships lying in the "common mooring ground off La Playa." The voyage being the first of the kind made by captain and crew, they were cautiously working their way through the restricted channel between Point Loma head and the sandy flatlands now known as North Island. While close to the Coronado shore, one of the men thought that he saw something like a little animal moving among the shore bushes.

"Stand away!" he cried to his companions, "while I take a shot!"

"A moment," shouted another, staying the uplifted hand. "No animal that is—but a human being!"

Over the side went one, then another; and came back presently carrying among them a "little golden-haired child of five or six years of age."

Already on La Playa the news of the discovery preceded the discoverers. To all the Spanish chatter of "Who art thou, little one?" "What is thy name?" "Whence camest thou?" the child responded no word. Yellow hair and blue eyes and cheeks reddened by long weeks at sea made the diminutive stranger seem like a heavenly cherub set in their midst. A fair angel among those wild devils of seafolk, gathered from a hundred filthy holds . . . from many a dark and loathsome corner of the world. One after another they stood before her, and asked in various languages and dialects her name, her parentage, her home.

In silence she pointed across the outer bay, to that spot where she had been found; until, at last, the tears on her pretty cheeks were stayed at sight of a Russian sailor's face; at sound of his rough demands.

Her real name is unremembered; but in baby terms, she proved that she was Russian; that she had

experienced a long sea voyage, with terrific storms of winds which ended in shipwreck; that, after drifting in a small boat with her father and other men, they had been driven ashore, "over there,"—pointing always to Coronado and North Island.

"And thy mother?" she was asked.

"In the great water lies mother . . . she was very sick . . . she went to sleep in the great water."

"And thy father?"

"He lies sleeping on the land, over there."

Another searching of the bushes on the far shore revealed the "sleepers," at a point which has "ever since been known as the Russian wells. Though in the lapse of years the location of these wells has become traditionary, they are supposed to have been on the southern end of the peninsula, near to where it joined the mainland."

Seven dead men were found close to the shallow "well" which with their bare hands they had dug; heroes, who, to save the life of the little girl, had starved themselves—giving her the scant food which had been brought away from their sinking ship. Lying not far away was found what remained of a shattered and partially burned boat. Upon the bodies of captain and officers were papers which the Russian sailor from La Playa explained as indicating that the ship had been a whaler out of a Russian port.

"Little Golden Hair," the La Playans called the waif, and gave her all the enthusiastic attention which they could devote outside their rough and often foul tasks. Though long months and even years had elapsed since any of them had known home and woman's cherishing, they realized that nothing within their power to bestow could quite take the place of four safe walls and a gentle foster-mother's enfolding arms about the child. They yielded therefore to the claims of the cap-

tain of the Mexican vessel, when the hour had come to raise anchor and get under weigh homeward.

"My men found her," he declared. "In Mazatlan we will find a good home for her."

To Mazatlan she was carried; and never saw Loma again; though, in memory of the place where she was rescued, she was known by its name . . . La Loma she was ever afterward called. Loma Gonzales she came to be; for just outside Mazatlan, on one of the great Spanish haciendas she dwelt, the adopted daughter of a famous herdsman, Don Pedro Gonzales.

She became in all but appearance a true daughter of New Spain. Spanish was her speech; Spanish all the traditions she ever knew. Like her dark-haired, dark-eyed sisters, she learned to sing and dance and pray and coquet; and like all the belles of all times she is said to have had lovers by the score.

Whether they were twenty or fewer, among the lovers of Loma Gonzales was Don Stephano Carrillo. "Rich and powerful, and of a goodly face and figure; owner of one of the largest haciendas of Old Mexico; whose herds of cattle roamed at will upon a thousand hills; of an old and respected family who traced . . . lineage direct to one of the proud old names of Spain; kind and considerate, he seemed a model lover, and he left no stone unturned in his effort to win for his bride the fair-haired child of the North," the story goes.

To Don Pedro this suitor was most desirable. With Don Stephano's pleadings went the command of Loma's step-father. But, though she had been reared in obedience, the girl shook her golden culs and knitted her white brow into a frown and hardened her rosy lips into a stern refusal.

"I have no love for—him," she admitted at length.

"Love? What is this—to love? I say you shall marry my friend and no other! Love or no love!"

thundered Don Pedro; with Don Stephano standing by, quite willing to receive his bride upon the least romantic terms.

But Loma held out. Pablo Alvaréz her heart had chosen. "Rich though he might be, and was—as his father's heir—Pablo Alvaréz had no great ranches, no countless herds, and worst of all, no ancient name; nothing to recommend him but a true and loyal heart, a spotless reputation and an undying devotion to the girl of his choice. Poor things, indeed, to throw into the balance against gold and rank, but in this case they proved sufficient . . ." Don Pedro raged. He threatened Loma with I know not what dire fate unless she consented to his will. Don Stephano raged likewise; and, abetted by Gonzales, enlisted the sympathies of other rich and powerful friends; and so intense became the feud that Pablo and his father found themselves ruined and compelled to leave the neighborhood.

To one of the ranches of northern Mexico Pablo drifted, there finding employment as general overseer; "and it became part of his duties to accompany the mule trains on their periodical trips to San Diego," it is recorded. And it is in this connection that Bayard Taylor found justification for his "Stout Pablo of San Diego;" a flimsy connection, but serving the needs of the poem-story.

Stephano would seem to have been left in possession of the field at home; but there was another among all La Loma's lovers, a poor uncouth man of the soil, a herdsman by name Bernal—a peon who worked on the Gonzales rancho. "Long had he worshiped her in secret," the story continues; "long had he held his peace, fearing the wrath of Pablo, and the punishment sure to come at the hands of her father and his friends."

One evening, after sunset had just burned away, La Loma wandered out of the house of her foster-parents, down toward the corrals. At sight of her sad beauty, Bernal lost all thought of the consequences of his passion, and threw himself at the lovely girl's feet.

"I adore thee!" he murmured, clinging to her knees.

Frightened, she bade him get up and be off.

"Thou . . . beast!" she cried, withdrawing herself and her skirts from contact with his laborer's hard hands.

"Then die!"

"Wild with . . . a desire to wreak vengeance upon some one, he sprang upon her and buried the blade of his hunting knife deep in her breast . . . Bernal surveyed for a moment the result of his madness, and then, as the awful magnitude of his deed was forced upon him, sought safety in flight . . ."

Now, the first thought of a man in North Mexico fleeing from justice would be, of course, the port of San Diego where ships from the great world were constantly entering and departing. Toward San Diego . . . toward La Playa hurried the criminal. ". . . he came to False Bay, and, skirting its margin, began the ascent of Point Loma, traveling along the narrow pathway (long since obliterated) which wound around the Point to La Playa. At one point on this pathway, and extending for a few hundred feet, it was wide enough to admit of but one person at a time. Perpendicular cliffs upon the one hand; the sea five hundred feet below upon the other. This is the 'Paso del Mar' (Pass by the Sea) famed in story.

"When at the middle of this dangerous pass, and when there was no escape but to go back—which he dared not do—Bernal heard the tinkling of a mule-bell, telling him that some one else was upon the Paso del

Mar, though he little dreamed who that some one might be."

The fight. The double fall to death. On Point Loma, above the place where the girl they both loved had been found—a casual of the sea. As a folk tale the story is scarcely to be surpassed among the legends that all the world has preserved unreflectively. It returns to its starting place; but it remains unfinished. The dumb why of questioning hearts remains unanswered. Why had Russian parents to bring their little one to Loma? What brought her Spanish and Mexican lovers here . . . here, of all places?

Bayard Taylor's poem was copied from an outraged and bethumbed copy of Appleton's Fourth Reader, relic of a grammar grade long years agone.

"La Loma's" story appeared in a magazine long since forgotten of its home, San Diego, California. That was the **Silver Gate**; its editor, James A. Jasper.

OX CARTS

Three leagues, from Old Town to La Playa's strand,
On Loma's trails, deliberate and slow,
Colonials, summer mornings, used to go
To picnic and to dance upon the sand.
Youths rode fleet steeds; but ladies proud and
grand,
Like Doña Ysabel Rosario,
Went throned in carts whose wooden wheels
shrieked woe
Over the blue sweet silence of the land.

Time then had not begun its maddening spin.
Song throbbed to soft guitar, shrill violin—
And lisped small gossip, musical gay calls
Named Ceylon pearls . . . French laces . . . Madrid
balls.
Bright canopied; with cushions, scarfs and shawls,
Black steers dragged many a sumptuous
palanquin.

* * *

Ten years after the planting of the first Spanish colony on the shore of San Diego Bay, while yet the ink remained unfaded with which was written the Declaration of Independence, southern California had entered upon its era of pastoral plenty. Increased herds meant added ease; and for long years after 1779

no one in the southwest walked; or went hungry, or shelterness, or joyless.

Then, over all the trails were wending innumerable ox carts. It goes without saying that the first were here on Loma breaking up the hard white surfaces of the old paths, as they interminably came and went between the landing place on La Playa and the dwellings, chapel and soldiers' booths on the Presidio. Carretas they were called; and they could be heard screeching for many miles. Cumbersome carretas . . . primitive makeshifts they were; though they attained some degree of real beauty.

Like the great rough bedframes and chairs and benches of the same period, no piece of iron entered into the construction of the carreta; and the materials for it were chosen because they were closest at hand: oak, sycamore and rawhide. The rude parts were shaped by means of the ax, the adse and the hunting knife; and these implements in the hands of Spanish grandees or of their Indian pupils turned out no smooth perfections of the skilled carriage-maker.

About seven feet long and five feet wide is a certain carreta which stands in the patio of the Estudillo house, "Ramona's Marriage Place," in Old Town. It is swung about two feet above the ground on bottom frames made of rough-hewn four by fours. Around the outside of this crude chassis and joined at the top by cross bars, irregular in shapes and spacings, are smaller uprights from five to six feet high. The immense wheels, without rims, save patches of bark, are nearly a yard in diameter and five or six inches thick; cross sections of a giant sycamore they are. This carreta was put together by means of wooden pins and untanned thongs of rawhide. The tongue and center-strip is a not-quite-straight sapling. Bleached by the suns and rains of almost a hundred years, it still en-

dures stoutly; and is carried here and there to grace —yes, grace is the word—many a "Spanish fiesta" of these times of charity balls, ad club suppers, orphans' picnics—when occasion seems to offer for us to recall other times that were more sincerely joyous than these we know.

At the base of the horns, on the top of the creatures' heads, was lashed the carreta's cruelly heavy wooden yoke; and provided for the oxen excruciating, endless torture, of which our colonials seem to have been unaware. Difficult it is for our more thoughtful, our humaner age to realize the meaning in mutely borne pain of those Spanish yokes. Even to lift and carry one across a museum hall requires such muscles as few modern athletes develop. But the little old black oxen carried them.

In the old days two Indians, gañanos, were detailed to every pair of oxen. It was the duty of these gañanos to lash and unlash the yoke; and, armed with long goading poles, to walk wherever the animals walked, to keep them from straying from the trail, to make them seem at least to be moving forward, and to break the young ones of a disagreeable habit of lowing their protests against needless agony. All days, and sometimes all nights, were to be seen and heard those foursomes plodding up and down the very rough small roads of Loma; as of all California.

But oxen were not mere work cattle; they became on other than ordinary occasions bearers also of pleasure parties. Forerunners of all our stout and powerful tractors, trucks and motorized farm and road implements were those ox carts! Yes. And forerunners also of all our luxuriously cushioned, sleek and swift automobiles. They were quickly convertible. At dawn they might be piled toppingly high with green cattle hides which were being sent down to La Playa, there to be

cured and stowed into the hold of a Boston ship; at noon they might be laden with manufactured articles that had been bought from Yankee or English or Mexican or South American captains lying at the anchorage and faced townward; and at evening, lined with blankets, silken quilts, pillows and feather ticks; canopied with other blankets or shawls, those rough and clumsy vehicles might be transformed into bright coaches for ladies and children and Indian female servants—for all who because of feebleness, or untrustworthiness, or obesity—were unable to climb upon a horse's back and travel to the scene of some gay tertulia.

For many years, for many decades rather, the only drinking water available at San Diego and Point Loma was brought in ox carts from wells sunk in the dry bed of San Diego River. Ox carts every morning were carrying barrels of this sweet water to La Playa; and every afternoon were returning with the "empties." Ox carts took the women and children from Old Town out to the Mission every Sunday and holyday morning, to mass; some of them galloping all the way, it is recorded. With bets between Don Pio Pico and Don Joaquin Carrillo running high . . . on the speed of favorites! Favorite galloping oxen! And from rancho to rancho went in summer ox carts filled with "bedding, cooking materials and other camping necessities;" and traveling colonials were thus able to sleep and eat where they pleased, all along the famous old Camíno Reál, even as are the wayfarers of today, up and down that longest of all our California trails.

California was always a land of picnickers. The southern extremity of Point Loma, ever since Cabrillo and Vizcaíno and Juan Pérez followed the out-door custom of generation after generation of Indians, has been a choice spot for al fresco meals; as have been

the beach at La Playa; the mussel beds at Ocean Beach; the "Rocks" below Sunset Cliffs and Azure Vista. Of all the picnic grounds, however, because of the matchless outlook upon the island-dotted Pacific, the Mexican hills, Coronado and the flat peninsula that we know as North Island, the most popular has always been that wind-swept height—the site of the upper, or "Old Spanish" lighthouse. There Indians were picnicking, as has been said, when California's earliest beginner came: camping up there; roasting their abalones, or sardines, or hares. And after the Spanish pioneers began to feel settled in their adobe quarters on the Presidio, they turned their new carretas into the Indian trails and instituted among themselves the excellent custom of taking their meriendas on the sands, or more frequently on the heights of Loma.

In 1825 many such picnic was held in honor of Governor José María Echeandía, who had arrived in San Diego on June 22nd of that year. A slender, well-formed gentleman whose code of honor, whose impetuosity, whose inflexible sense of duty hardly fitted him for his most responsible task—that of enforcing the law against trading with foreigners—his coming was the signal for lively parties in San Diego. He was not a young man, su señoría, but with him came as secretary young Agustín V. Zamorano and as aide young Romualdo Pacheco, and other marriageable young men; and it became the fashion for all the Old Town neighbors and the back country neighbors to take the mid-day meal together in the open. There were the Arguellos, Bandinis, Carrillos, Estudillos, Machados, Maróns, Picos, Serranos, Ybarras—to arrange alphabetically those families whose youths and maidens were beginning to be so numerous as to make San Diego Presidio seem over-populated with big families.

"Ah, what times we used to have!" in later years wrote one who had been a dark-eyed San Diego beauty. "Every week to La Playa, aboard the ships—silks! officers! rebozos! music! dancing! frolic!"

One picnic in particular, with its accompaniment of officers, music, dancing and frolic, was held at the end of Point Loma, on that rocky shore where during the present century has been withdrawn the slender sandstone foot that used to project into the sea. The cliffs are sheer now. Then there was larger playing space beneath them.

For this picnic the young men of Old Town supplied and conveyed on horseback the wines, both native and imported. Under the supervision of Spanish ladies, Indian servants prepared and ox carts transported huge hampers of roast chickens, beef that had been broiled on iron rods, mutton stewed with red peppers; tamales, tortillas de maiz and the inevitable frijoles . . . dulces and fritos . . . desserts of fruits, dried and fresh. The gañanos were despatched with the bulging carretas many hours ahead of the time set for the picnic; and after them went other carretas filled with typical "joy riders" of that day: girls too young to manage riding horses, ladies and gentlemen too aged or too feeble to travel otherwise; little children with their Indian nurses. No one remained at home. And in every carreta went those who could play guitar or violin; so that there was much sweet music to drown the shrilling of the ungreased wheels as the oxen labored slowly down to the sea.

The carretas being out of sight and earshot, it was time for the riders of horses to start. His Excellency himself and his attendants were all accomplished horsemen; and on this day left new and troublesome duties on the Presidio in order to accompany the dash-

ing caballeros and charming señoritas that composed the very gay upper circle of Old San Diego society. Upper, we say; but then there were few who were between the very highest and the very lowest; gente de razon or "bestias"—Indians.

The California horse was never shod; never stabled. Of pure Arabian stock, imported from Spain by the padres at the time of the establishment of the missions, he was as much a part of the colonial's household as is the Bedouin's horse a sharer with his master of food and comfort. From babyhood every California boy had then his colt; and was in the saddle oftener than on foot; and California girls early learned to manage a horse. The best horsemanship was naturally developed. In herding cattle, in lassoing, in racing of various types, the Californian was never excelled. He it was who taught these arts to all the rest of the West—from the Mississippi to the Rockies, from the Canadian to the Mexican border. Our picnickers of 1825 were the progenitors, we may say, of the cowboys of later times. Here it was that all those hazardous sports on horseback, and all those feats of skill developed in the "cow business," wherever it is practised, were first in what is now the United States exhibited. In a small way here; a very small way; on a vast scale elsewhere.

For those Californians "the most usual gait was a sweeping gallop;" and it must have been a brave sight, that of a score or more of handsome men in their broad-brimmed, silver-adorned hats, their jingling velvet jackets, their red sashes and vivid serapes, astride anqueras and clasping each a pretty, dark-haired, lustrous girl with one arm, while with the other was guided a "gorgeously caparisoned" steed . . . the whole party getting away at full tilt over the river flats, up to the first of the promontory trails, out on

the Loman crest, and down the last sharp precipice to the sea's edge; an hour's invigorating flight.

By the time these riders arrived the food had been by Indians spread on white cloths on the rocks and sand. Few dishes were used. If a person had glass or cup or mug from which to drink his wine or coffee or chocolate, he was fairly well equipped for feeding himself. Men all carried sharp knives; and slices of meat were by them handed around on blade-tips—to be eaten from those delicate little hands of which Spaniards have ever been justly proud. Little pan-cakes of corn served as containers for frijoles and the softer, gravied foods. On foot these grandees were accustomed to taking breakfast and luncheon. Only at the formal afternoon tea- or coffee- or chocolate-sipping, and at the evening dinner were chairs or benches provided.

Ambigu was the name of a meal at which all the courses were served at one time; and, after such an out-door ambigu had been heartily dispatched on this occasion, and after the Governor and his party had been entertained by stone-turning and abalone-gathering and by races between naked Indian boys, the whole party assembled on the crest. There the carretas were formed into a kind of enclosure into which a bull from one of the near-by wandering herds was driven; and, as at every Spanish gathering in the open air, the usual display of skilled riding and of dexterous dart-throwing was witnessed. The bull being worn out or killed, there followed other feats of strength and endurance, in which even the Indian boys and young men took part with their masters.

Came then, the dancing; for everybody in old San Diego danced, sang and played one or the other of the two popular musical instruments; and as many of the numbers were solo dances for a specially trained

woman or girl, this part of the entertainment was considered also—like the races and games—a trial of skill and endurance as well as of grace.

Here the newest dances were practised. Juan Bandini, the La Playa comisario, it was who brought the waltz to California . . . here taught it to Josefa Carrillo and her sisters, the Pico girls (Peaks, James Ohio Pattie called them!) and the Arguellos and the other San Diego charmers. "La Golondrina," that exquisite waltz-song, which one hears in the West oftener than "Home, Sweet Home," here first began to form the musical accompaniment to those innumerable romances of early days—such as that between Romualdo Pacheco and Ramona Carrillo, and that between Agustín Zamorano and Luisa Arguello . . . "the most celebrated (double) wedding that ever occurred in California"—romances that crowded every year with prolonged festivities. Girls arose from their morning prayers to dance before breakfast, in those days; they danced whenever music sounded, and there was no hour of day or night when music was not throbbing in the patio of one or the other of the Old Town houses. They were such dances as could be danced in small spaces, on uneven surfaces—almost anywhere at all. These dances have been many times described; but it is not to be supposed from these descriptions that they were rigidly fixed figures and steps. Some were quite oriental, having been brought hither by Spanish women who had learned them from Moorish women who had them from North African women; some were purely Spanish; some were adaptations of steps which Spaniards had newly learned from the Indians. A girl was hardly out of her carreta-riding days before she was ready for marriage—her education finished because, in addition to being able to repeat the Pater Noster, Ave Maria, Credo and Confiteor, she could sing the popular

airs and could dance the traditional steps of La Jota, La Zorrita, El Caballo, El Jarabe and El Fandango.

Present undoubtedly at this picnic in honor of su señoria was Juan Bandini, most famous master of ceremonies. Tecolero they called him; his duty being to lead out a woman to dance alone, or to find a partner for her when she was to dance a figure for couples.

Afterwards the ox carts were again laden and again sent up to Old Town; while the riders raced all the way back to that patio where dancing would precede and follow the evening meal.

In early times and in times as late as the last quarter of the nineteenth century ox carts brought from Point Loma much of the firewood that was used in Old Town. "Mangel roots" they later called this wood, which was dug out of the hills. Oxcarts went also nearly every day to the marsh lands which lie along False Bay on Loma. Not because the Old Towners were enamored of loveliness, but for practical needs they went there; though before them were magic carpets of emerald green adorned with pools that were silver at morning, turquoise at noon and at sunset all gold; places that were always and are today the haunts of seabirds; places that have lain forever far from the rumbling trails of traffic. Toward these lovely spaces where tall tules grew went the carretas; then Indians, half-naked always, waded out to get materials for baskets, balsas, nets and the roofs of small huts.

There were tules always along the near shore of False Bay; but not always where now they grow. Old residents remember sailing over the ground that is now somnolent marsh land, "gleaming on its pools with gold of the sun; an abode of silence and again silence . . ." Into the places where stood the tufted rushes the carretas could not penetrate; but elsewhere

all over Point Loma they left their haunting impression. Persistent it is. Almost you can hear that nearing cry that might issue from the throat of tortured bird or beast, and is only the ghostly echo of a sycamore wheel turning and turning.

No one walked, I said, during the "golden age of southern California;" but for the moment I had forgotten those walking gañanos beside the walking oxen; those plowmen, reapers, messengers and other Indian laborers, who, like the black oxen, knew all trails from San Francisco in Alta to Loreto in Baja California. Yes, the soles of the children of the earth continued to know the hot, the cold, the warm, the cool touch of trampled dust; though there were indeed a few Indian women who were permitted space with their "betters" in the festive carretas; and there were increasing numbers of Indian boys who became expert cattlemen, without whom the pastoral era had not been.

This chapter represents a sifting through material found chiefly in Bancroft's **California Pastoral.** Other sources of information needed here were:

Two Years Before the Mast: Richard Henry Dana, Jr.
Pacific Coast Pilot.
Eldorado: Bayard Taylor.
Sixty Years in California: W. H. Davis.
San Diego County, California: Samuel T. Black.
City of San Diego and San Diego County: Clarence Alan McGrew.
History of San Diego: William E. Smythe.

FIRST COWBOYS

So often when our wan blue dusk wears thin,
We might forget the city edging close
Upon our Loma meadows. Then Black Rose
And Julie, sauntering down rue-paths, begin
Their faintly jangled, hesitant small din—
Monotonous half-hushed adagios
Inviting sleep . . . and pastoral repose
Enfolds long dreams of peace the night within.

They do not browse alone, this hobbled pair
Beside the sage brush. That reluctant bell
Recalls ten thousand roaming herds that were
A hundred years ago! Its stridors tell
How from vaquero's lips a Spanish air
Oft on old Loma evenings warmly fell.

* * *

Palomar, the mountain where wood doves still mate, lifts one skyward by winding roads from which the heights in Mexico seem insignificant and the faint far dazzle of the Pacific becomes fairylike and unreal. Live oaks and pines border those tilted grades; and black oaks, Douglass firs and incense cedars form dense woodland vistas everywhere beyond. Within a mile or so of Palomar's top, crossing a majestic rolling meadow, there used to be a troublesome road which lost itself in a swale; and there the upland journeyer inevitably realized with appropriate astonishment that

on this so-called "peak" was space enough in which to rear a rather large city; and he had not recovered from his wonder at the magnitude of a world he thought he knew for infinitesimal when he came upon a herd of little black cattle; and then he realized also that a hundred years ago was not, after all, extremely remote from his own day and age. That Palomar herd might have been Father Serra's own.

Interest in gold is scarcely more ancient, more deeply rooted, than humanity's interest in the cow. Like Gaul, Cow is divided thrice: into Bos Primogenius, Bos Longifrons and Bos Frontosus. And of these three by far the most important to the world of now is Longifrons, as she was developed during the last century in the southwest of the United States . . . and beginning here.

"O Night," runs a Vedic hymn so ancient that it might have been sung at creation's dawn, "as a conqueror brings a herd of cattle . . ."

The reference is to Bos Primogenius, of course. Bos Primogenius needs no introduction. The schoolboy met her in the classics as Io perhaps, who with her hind hoof scratched her brief name in the sands in order that her father might trace her and release her from a form under which jealous Juno could tease her with gadflies. Bos Primogenius is pictured on the earliest monuments; her remains have been found in lake-dwellings with other records of man neolithic. Man's oldest friend and helper among the beasts was she.

With Bos Frontosus we have now no concern. Bos Longifrons is our own home cow. As the West knew her she had soft black eyes; large, wide-spreading clean horns; a thin hide, a deep belly, strong muscular thighs, round legs, broad feet and short joints. She was a good walker. With her master in South America

and in Mexico she walked to the door of his hovel and sometimes went inside and lay with him upon his warm hearth. An intimate companionship between them existed; for, when he could not take her home with him, he was accustomed to spending his nights with his back against her warm side, sheltered from upland or ocean winds. Companioned by priests and soldiers, Longifrons came to Loma's shores in 1769; and for four years thereafter, until the Mission moved "up the Valley" here were the chief feeding grounds of that earliest herd to appear in our North American southwest. The very first were of course the few heifers and bull which Spanish records describe as having been brought about 1556 from Andalusía in Spain to Asunción in Paraguay. Our California cows were their offspring, two centuries removed, it has been stated.

There can be no question that on Point Loma were first in our own land made popular Spanish saddles, Spanish lariats, Spanish bridles, bits and stirrups; and that here first were seen Spanish daredevils rounding up herds, mounting and taming half-wild horses. All the thrilling activities reflected in "Wild West" literature and in "Western" movies had their commencement with those first retired Catalonian soldiers who practised "bronco busting" on the open spaces of Point Loma. One of the Carrillos, one of the Estudillo boys, that very first cowboy was, perhaps . . . a fine, energetic young fellow to whom his saddle was the chief object of pride. The first model, if you please, for Douglas Fairbanks, for Will Rogers, for Tom Mix . . . lean, tough, smiling, picturesque!

Everyone knows the look of a modern cowboy; but not everyone guesses how much tradition rules in his spurs, boots, chaps, vest, neckerchief, hat, lasso; in the cut of his breeches; in the set of his jaw; in the songs he sings on the lonely night trail; in the oaths

he swears; in the sympathy and impatience he naturally feels for and against old Bos Longifrons and her innumerable progeny. Old these accoutrements and instincts and physical inheritances are. While the War of Independence was being fought over on the East side of the continent, here on the West side, on Point Loma, cowboys were riding "range," furnished with long brush knives, and wearing bell-shaped leather chaparejos.

Less than a dozen cows, oxen and bulls walked down to San Diego Bay in 1769. Nearly six hundred head of cattle were owned by San Diego Mission and Presidio in 1800. In 1830, when a cow was worth about three and a trained ox about twenty-five dollars, there were hereabouts nearly fifteen thousand head of cattle! Then the nearest rancho was El Rancho del Rey, or El Rancho Nacional, as it was oftener called—a town today flourishing as National City; and, except for its richly fertilized levels, quite forgetting its early corrals. From San Diego the cow business spread northward to San Francisco, to Soledad, before the close of the eighteenth century. The herds had increased to nearly two hundred thousand head when Governor Don José María Echeandía had concluded the first census for the Mexican government.

Already, in 1830, the range steer had become "the most important character in the business story of the southwest." To secure his hide, hither sailed out of the ports of all New England those swift, bright ships like the Arab, Mentor, Rover, Brookline, Sterling . . . and between the years 1824 and 1849 (when gold in California superseded in interest the California steer) many other lively trading ships brought to the Pacific shores—mainly to La Playa on Point Loma—a "motley band of sailors and hide-droghers."

Ranching was the only calling which the early

California practised . . . later teaching it to the Indians. "A ranch," says one of the encyclopaedias, "is a large tract of land devoted to the breeding of cattle. The peculiar character of the life of those who have these ranches in charge has largely disappeared before the advance westward of closely settled communities; but in the earlier days and to a lesser extent at the present time, the outdoor life, with its risks and adventure, reared a class of care-free, hardy, temperate and bold ranchmen who, known as cowboys, peculiarly typified the spirit of frontier life." Frontier life of the West began with those beginning San Diegans; those tall, hearty, strong priests and caballeros, governors and private soldiers who were, every man of them, by inheritance and by temperament cattlemen. It used to be said of them that they were born in saddles, lariats in hand!

As the local Spaniards and Indians developed it, the cow business represented their chief pleasure and their whole profit; though during the earliest years only the "gente de razon" performed the principal work in rodeo and in matanza. This, for obvious reasons. They wanted to be able to identify their own beasts; and therefore personally marked and killed. Later, when they had turned over to Indians much of the hardest labor, the gentlemen cowboys still closely superintended the slaughterings, in order to "collect the hides and tallow wherewith to make purchases and the payment of their debts—for these articles served in lieu of money."

If you could place such a picturesque figure as Don Pío Pico in his hard-riding, shouting, gaming youth beside a typical cowman of the nineteenth century, you would observe many differences between them—in equipment and in social and business observances; and yet, between them also you would find a

score of likenesses. Spanish cavalrymen, like those stationed at San Diego Presidio, used to wear the kind of huge spurs which Douglas Fairbanks affects. High-heeled boots were the fashion here a hundred years ago. The kerchief of the western "cattle wrastler" is oftenest tied behind—and that is because the Spanish caballero used to wear his hair braided in a pigtail and hanging down his back. In fact, if one keeps in mind the appearance of his favorite cowboy of the movies, it is easy to imagine the caballero who, on the occasion of the Point Loma picnic and after-luncheon games, cut out the bull . . . when Don José María Echeandía had just come up out of Mexico to make New Spain over into a territory of the newest republic of the world.

> . . . At times a magnificent caballero dashed by on a half-tamed bronco. He rode in the shade of a sombrero a yard wide, crusted with silver embroidery. His Mexican saddle was embossed with huge Mexican dollars; his jacket as gaily ornamented as a bull-fighter's; his trousers open from the hip and with a chain of silver buttons down their flapping hems; his spurs, huge wheels with murderous spikes, were fringed with little bells that jangled as he rode . . . and this to the accompaniment of much strumming of guitars and the incense of cigarros.

Elsewhere will be found descriptions of each article of the first cowboy's apparel, as well as of the rude and heavy bit held by black leather bands . . . the reins of finely braided calf-skin or horsehair, adorned by silver links. But of all his possessions, as has been repeatedly remarked, the caballero prized his montura (saddle); and whenever by legitimate business or by gambling, by hard toil or by wild delights, he gained so

much as a hundred extra reales, he put them or their equivalent into ornamentation of his montura. It was no mere seat strapped upon a horse, but his second home it became. When he was not eating or sleeping in a bed, he sat his saddle, erect and well poised . . . "girth exactly in the center, stirrups forward."

Having become old, fat and rich, the first "beef lords" bequeathed their craft to ease-loving sons; who, in turn, pushed the rough, hard work into Indian hands. Among the first cowboys of the West were Indians familiar with the Point Loma trails.

Father Serra, writing one of his earliest letters from the Port of San Diego, has this:

> . . . the pagans are numerous . . . the majority scattered in the mountains and along the beach after the manner of savages.

"Along the beach" was along Point Loma. In common with their brethren in the hills, the Loma savages paid tribute in toil to San Diego Mission and Presidio: beginning almost as soon as Portolá marched northward. Theirs were heavy tasks while the first Mission was built, removed, destroyed and rebuilt; while Serra and other presidentes came and went; while young Spanish soldiers were advanced to capitans; while pagan converts became Christian alcaldes; while governors and their staffs—five governors there had been before the close of the eighteenth century—passed on their way to Monterey; while there went forward all the new, strange and sometimes startling events, secular and ecclesiastical, that marked California's permanent beginning. Indians on Point Loma were participants in and spectators of all these events. Never ship came into port but Indian signals flew from hill to hill.

Serra gives this detail:

> The natives are exceedingly numerous and all . . . live well on various seeds and on fish which they catch from rafts made of tules and formed like canoes, with which they venture far out on the sea. The Indians are very friendly . . . They would treat us with such confidence and ease as though they had known us all their life.

They had been lazy, pleasure-loving; their needs nothing more than a dish, a piece of touch-wood for fire, and a net for fruits and seeds. They lived in little huts made of fine boughs, which they destroyed when they no longer needed them. Work was play in savagery. Then their masters came, and they learned the meaning of work! The yearly roundups when work was dangerous, unending toil! The branding of wild calves! The Saturday slaughterings and the Sunday bull fights!

The lazy Indian saw cattle-raising become the chief industry of this lazy land; the chief source of wealth. The Indian's first important part in this business was one of the magnificent diversions offered Governor Echeandía; when the savage was permitted to die under the hooves of a mass of cattle, "a mile across, with clouds of yellow dust above it." The picture of this event has been graphically painted elsewhere. Now and then a vaquero emerged, darting after a runaway steer; chased by bellowing, frightened, maddened beef; hearing behind him the impact of horns on horns, with the wild shouts and laughter of other Indians and Spaniards in the thick of trouble; with echoing screams of "admiring ladies at a safe distance."

. . . This one here . . . the little fat devil pawing.

Not that yonder. Bestia! What mean you, dog of a savage? How came El Maestrito into this milling hell? The young breeding bull? Who turned him forth? . . . Ay, vaquero! Turn back with him to the corral!

So the Indian learned to do the hard work, the most dangerous; and to do it well. The matanza became his sole task, later. This slaughtering involved as a preliminary the grand rodeo; and the rodeo involved trained horses. Indian horsemen became skilled wielders of the riata; knew the trick of throwing an unruly steer by a twist of the tail. A band of Indian vaqueros, armed with knives, appeared on slaughtering day: selected each an animal and deftly severed a nerve in the nape of the neck; and it fell dead. Indian peladores (flayers) stripped off hide; Indian tasajeros (butchers) cut up meat.

Spanish cowmen, Indian cowboys? It is difficult to bring them and their herds again within reach of an imagination stultified by little squares on plots and plans of Loma's subdividers.

The "cow business" has its inexhaustible bibliography. Before writing this chapter I was reading:

Life in California: Alfred D. Robinson.

An article on **ranching**, one on **cattle**, and a third on **lake-dwellers** in the **New International Encyclopaedia.**

California Pastoral: H. H. Bancroft.

Spanish Institutions of the Southwest: J. W. Blackmar.

California: Its History and Romance: J. S. McGroarty.

The Cowboys and their Interpreters: Douglass Branch.

CANYONS

Were beauty one wild rose that life might crush,
Were laughter but a cry that Time might still,
Then have I dreamed starred mornings on this hill,
Then soon a hundred canyon larks must hush.
Fire buds—high Loma's dawns—unfolding, flush
Too full of loveliness day's arch. I will
Hold beauty clewed against my heart and lips until
Around me night's black silences uprush;

Nor name this rose of beauty but a name,
Mirth, empty echo to a bamboo flute
Played by an idle child. Why, always came
My mornings here with laughter: beauty's fruit!
The ruddy ember that was sundown's flame
Spilled roses' ashes after larks went mute.

* * *

Happier, more sincere lovers of beauty, better mannered and more aristocratic ladies and gentlemen than the early San Diego colonials were nowhere else in California to be found. They were especially chosen for the founding of the first Spanish center in this new land. An inheritance of dignity and of exquisite grace was theirs; their formalities never aggressive. With them kindness was inborn; and no one ever outstayed the welcome extended him by their hospitable hearts. Indeed, it is recorded of them that hospitality and kindness were rooted deeply in honor, the dearest things in life to them . . . "amigo" their one word for both friend and acquaintance.

Into this refined and happy community were sent in the summer of 1825 and in the summer or fall of 1830 at least two groups of Mexican convicts—some among them good souls no doubt, and merely unfortunate in their political expressions; but among them were also several criminals; bloody-handed; incorrigible. And many of California's first desperate difficulties arose simultaneously with the arrival of these undesirables. They became the first cattle and horse "rustlers;" they stirred up the Indians; they made life unsafe for women and children.

San Diego has always been a border town, to which certain turbulent spirits have naturally gravitated. It had not accommodations for those first evil-minded uninvited guests; and in spite of all traditions of hospitality soon expelled them from the town itself. Over to Point Loma came convict after convict; in the hope of securing passage on one or another of the many ships putting in at La Playa. And while they waited . . . and long afterward, it seems . . . they made the Loma canyons their headquarters.

About the time of the northern "gold rush," there was here a certain José Arvaez, "possibly the worst cut-throat who ever escaped so long his ultimate and legitimate end, the hangman's rope." Arvaez gathered about himself a "piratical brotherhood," and acquired in Mexican ports a well-armed and completely equipped schooner. Using one of the Coronado islands as a base, the schooner cruised into the westerly and southwesterly waters, preying on ships bound South from San Francisco. After two or three years' profitable business, Arvaez captured the Chelsea, of Liverpool, with passengers who were carrying home their newly acquired fortunes in gold. All except four, including the captain and a cabin boy, were murdered; and the Chelsea burned and sunk.

Later, after the captain and two others had been put to death, the cabin boy, Tom Bolter, successfully urged that he be made one of the Arvaez company. He protested that his one ambition was to become a powerful pirate like his inhumane torturer. Arvaez, to whom Bolter had given the dates of sailing of several other vessels out of San Francisco, decided to hold the boy prisoner until the actual taking of one of these homebound gold ships. Within three months after this second capture, Bolter had become a trusted member of the band; but in the course of weeks he quarreled with his master, claiming that he should have had an extra share of certain booty during the taking of which he had displayed unwonted valor. Arvaez replied to this claim by knocking down the boy and ordering him to be imprisoned in a cavern which is still to be seen on the largest of the islands. Five days was the term of the sentence; Arvaez evidently feeling that a little quietude would bring the youthful insurgent to his senses.

The following morning all except "two to watch the island and the prisoner, left on a cruise for prizes." No sooner was the schooner out of sight than vigilance was completely relaxed. Bolter, squatting at ease within the arch of the cave, continued his role as prisoner; the sentry outside leaned his gun against a nearby rock, and sat down. Conversation ensued during which Bolter now and then toyed with the gun. It was a calm day at sea, the Pacific washing quietly upon the slender shore, its horizon a vague blueness only a shade or two darker than the pale blue sunny sky. Suddenly Bolter was on his feet, gun in hand, crying,

"Ain't that the schooner coming back?"

"Where?" asked the sentry.

Bolter had reached for a field glass, conveniently hanging from the other man's shoulder. After study-

ing the sea for a moment, he handed over the glass.

"Looks like her . . . don't it?"

While the unsuspecting sentry was adjusting the eye-piece, his prisoner struck; felling him instantly. Having in even more brutal fashion dispatched the other guard, who happened at the time to be sleeping. Bolter helped himself to as much gold as he could carry, loading with bags and boxes the little yawl which the pirates used for rowing about the island on short fishing excursions.

Along the thwarts lay the mast with a leg o'mutton sail. The boy pirate stepped the mast and pushed off . . . on a course directly for La Playa. Arrived at the anchorage, he was greeted by sailors on board the Grendo from New York.

"What ho . . . yawl? What's your name?"

"I'm a bloody pirate!" cried Bolter.

"Why, so ye be!" they laughed. "And where d'ye hail from, pirate?"

Bolter indicated the blue distance. To Captain Belleu of the Grendo came information of the boy and his claims; and, later, the whole story was repeatedly recited.

"There are pirates out there on the island?" the question was incredulity itself.

"A gang of them . . . I alone, of all the hundreds caught, live to tell the tale of bloodshed and robbery."

"How came you among them?"

"I alone, I say, was spared. I fooled Arvaez—the captain, sir. Tom Bolter was a little too much for 'em."

The master of the Grendo quickly assembled his crew, called for volunteers from the shore, and immediately sailed over to the island.

About a hundred and fifty were in this expedition against the local buccaneers. Arriving at the large island, all hands—except a half dozen, enough to work

the ship—went ashore and hid themselves in the cave which had been Bolter's prison. The Grendo was worked around the island out of sight of a vessel coming in from the West. For nearly twenty-four hours they waited; Bolter sitting just inside the cave entrance, a La Playa man simulating the sentry outside, all the others well concealed.

Shortly after the schooner's anchor chain rattled beneath them, the watchers heard the pirates running up the bluff to their headquarters above and beyond the cave; and when the last footstep had passed, they made "a determined rush. Those on the right and left executed flank movements in their respective directions in an endeavor to gain the head of the path before any of the pirates could return."

One or two of the pirates looked around, advanced a step and were shot down. Others followed and met a like fate. The pirates were fewer in number than their assailants; and they were wholly defenceless, having left their swords and pistols on the schooner. An overwhelming force swept them down to the water's edge, where Arvaez surrendered to Captain Belleu. On the shore they were held until the Grendo was again worked around to the mouth of the cave; when ropes were available and the prisoners, securely bound, were taken aboard.

They were hanged forthwith to the Grendo's yards; and the air was thick with terrible imprecations and maledictions directed at Tom Bolter "and his posterity unto the last generation" . . . each courageous pirate trying to outdo his predecessor in the size and beauty of his oaths.

Justice having been thus neatly expedited, there awaited the disposition of the treasure, the personal belongings of the robber band, together with the schooner. Captain Belleu, with Tom Bolter's able as-

sistance and advice, proved equal to the task of carrying all over to La Playa and there selling vessel, old clothes, utensils and arms, and dividing the entire spoils equally among the victors.

One highly colorful account of this affair concludes:

> Bolter was turned loose on an unsuspecting world, though he had confessed a participation in some of the crimes of the freebooters. He avowed that he had joined the pirates merely to save his life and to bring them to the yard-arm, and was compelled to serve with them to attain his ends. He asserted that the quarrel between him and Arvaez was feigned on his part and was engaged in by him as a stepping-stone to the accomplishment of his design, the bringing of the pirates to the dangling position in which I have left them. At any rate, the whole enterprise was a successful business venture on Bolter's part, for he emerged from it a man of wealth if not of position. My 'oldest inhabitant' was of the opinion, . . . that Tom 'should have been hung higher than the others.'

This sordid tale is but one of many which have passed into tradition, relating to the activities of the earliest representatives of western desperadoes. These hiders in canyons and caves made the most threatening terror of every out-of-the-way cleft and recess in the Loma hills. First of all dread personages included that namesake of Governor José María Echeandía—José María Herrera, ex-convict—and his seventeen or eighteen companions, who arrived in the very train of su señoria! Before his appearance here Mexico had had her fill of this Herrera; but he came with the important appointment of comisario, or financial agent of

both Californias! He was stealing through the Loma canyons, bound on nobody knows now what nefarious enterprises, before he was in Monterey, where his infamy attained historical importance.

Richman says of this first California grafter:

"Herrera as comisario was independent of Echeandía as governor . . . he renewed for five years the contract with the Russians for hunting otter . . . he addressed to the comisario-general a sweeping indictment of the Spanish padres, of José de la Guerra, and finally of Echeandía himself. His suspension from office was soon effected by the Governor on the charge of peculation . . ."

After taking, with Joaquin Sólis (another ex-convict) a leading part in a rebellion against Echeandía, Herrera was sent to Mexico; where soon, however, he proved himself so dangerous that he was again set at liberty!

Perhaps because of the sinister atmosphere left in them by Herrera and his brother criminals, the canyons of Point Loma were seldom penetrated by proper folk until the end of the nineteenth century. And here is presented a reason why these canyons have remained haunts of rare beauty even to this day. In them birds have bred unmolested for many decades. Along their floors and up their sides have crept the loveliest of all the wild flowers.

There are five deep canyons and a score of smaller ones on Loma. A mile South of the first hill a transverse cut nearly bisects the headland. In one place it is a hundred feet deep; and becomes elsewhere only a twisting small gully. It has been pasture, a street railway right-of-way, and again pasture; and it seems now about to become a city thoroughfare, lined with palatial residences.

The more distant canyons are less threatened.

Some are brush-covered; some denuded. Some are lined with primeval trails; some remain and must long remain inaccessible wildernesses. The old names of the more familiar ravines, "Windmill Canyon," "Well Canyon," "Chicken Ranch Canyon," "Smuggler's Cove," "Robber's Cave," "Owl Roost," are suggestive of forgotten—though rather modern—history. The smaller, newer arroyos have been formed within the memory of the present generation, and serve as explanations of the formation on a magnified scale of the greater clefts. A season of raining started a brook down an old hillside wagon rut; a season of sun baked the sides of that channel; another rain, and the stream bed was deepened and widened, while the sides held firmly . . . another and another, until the whole roadway caved in . . . and where I remember Mr. A. G. Spalding (of sporting goods fame) driving one blue-bright Sunday morning behind a pair of matched sorrel ponies, there is now a red and staring, pathless canyon thirty feet in depth, twenty or twenty-five in width, within which nothing but lizards and snakes and the like, may travel.

Smuggler's Canyon is within the reservation of Fort Rosecrans. Its only claim to attention today is its unspoiled beauty; but once what dire revelations it might have unfolded! Only beauty now—and much more of the same quality it must have had many years ago when first wickedness prowled about in it. I wonder often how much Arvaez, and before him Herrera, saw of loveliness when they were hiding there. Or does crime always blind one's eyes to beauty?

Today Smuggler's Canyon has a background of soft and neutral grayish-tan, upon which low tenacious shrubs and defiant cactus build an intricate darker brown-and-gray pattern. Sifted upon by restless yellow sands that blow down from the heights and up from

the shore, it is a somberness filled with light. At dawn there are hints of gorgeousness, a riot of pink and silver overhead and running down the jagged sides and on and on, over the level floor. Gorgeousness increases in the morning sun where burn tints of molten amber, glowing toward incandescence as the sun floods farther and farther in . . . and rapidly changing to pure orange, to gold, to dazzling whiteness; and then returning downward to saffron, rose and crimson. It is a beginning in metallic luminosity that increases in vividness until, when the sky above the canyon is at its bluest, suddenly there comes a transparent lavender shadow that creeps in from below, and carries with it an intensity of reddish-blues . . . and then the metallic quality is gone. You look up through the canyon at a sky that seems ready to shower down violets . . . you might be looking through a rosy veil at a lake of purple wine; only . . . iridescence is there; an opaline translucence.

The canyon in summery weather, this is. The canyon throughout May, June, July, August and September. And when fierce quick rains have brought down tons and tons of those yellow upland sands, there follows a swift rich greenery such as is beheld nowhere else on Loma. Every shrub bursts into bright color; every clump of pitahaya flaunts its waxen blooms, exotic, delicate; and, because their very existence seems even more magically provided for, more charming than orchids. Pookiny, as the Indians named wormwood, and other groundlings, form a carpet of soft grays upon which lift blossoms of cerise and pink, purple and yellow—purple and yellow predominating. And, attaining sometimes a height of ten feet, once arose the matilija, the giant poppy, "queen of all California's wild flowers;" its great glistening white blossoms with their golden centers symbols of inviolable

purity . . . emblems, perhaps, to our first desperadoes of their lost souls' sweetness.

They are secret places, the canyons. Hot and wide and filled with breezes by day; cool and intimate and filled with silence by night. Even now it is easy to understand how in them it was long ago safe for runaways to hide; for smugglers to trade; for thieves to conceal loot; for cut-throats to rendezvous.

"The Treachery of Tom Bolter" is the name of the lurid tale from which extensive quotations have here been made. It appeared in **The Silver Gate** in May, 1900; having been signed by Lewis R. Works. James E. Jasper, editor of the magazine, gave me permission to use "all or any part of it."

Other information contained in this chapter was derived from

Founding of Spanish California: Charles Edward Chapman.
History of California, Vol. III: H. H. Bancroft.
California Under Spain and Mexico: I. B. Richman.

ISLE LOMA

Long lay this Loma Isle; from age to age
A lift of little hills turned from the West
Where Ocean Beach finds sea-way; with high crest
Of bordered canyons where the small white sage
Went pouring honey cups in vassalage
To ancient spring forever. She was dressed
In wilding ferns, pinks, lilies . . . on her breast
Lay poppy gold, a sun-wrought heritage.

A murmuring of doves perhaps; perhaps the whirr
And rise of tufted quail. I know the tide
Beneath ten million moons ran here, ran there,
While Loma waited like a waiting bride
As lonely and as lost, as if she were
A lovely thought that Time had put aside.

* * *

The story of the peninsula of Point Loma is rather new. Old Point Loma was an island; and, though it is linked with the mainland by marshy flats whose area is about four square miles, it is still potentially an island. From the sea it is raised as an island. Even in recent years, if winter rains were scant, the San Diego River trickled but slowly out of the back hills, with barely force to carry yellow sands to the sea; spilling them everywhere along the northern and western rims of Loma—leaving it a headland, truly; high and dry. But, in those seasons when the river ran fast and full it might find as many as half a dozen outlets eastward across the flats into the bay. Then . . . no headland. An

island Loma was; and an island it remained until the next dry season had many months endured. And until within the last decade when extreme high tides rushed up the bay in December and in June, particularly, the lowlands were completely inundated; the promontory cut off.

At the North of Dutch Flats, as the lowlands were long known—it is that flying field from which Colonel Charles A. Lindbergh took off on the very first lap of his world-renowned trans-Atlantic flight—lies False or Mission Bay; the Marine Base occupying made ground down there, consisting of shell and sand dredged from the harbor channel. Old Town lies northwestward; the abruptly rising face of ancient Isle Loma offering in former years no easily accessible trail; so that the natives were obliged to paddle balsas and rude rafts around to the shelving beaches. It was less than eighty years ago that the United States government took the first steps in turning San Diego River into False Bay, thereby converting the island into a more or less permanent promontory. The dike that extended from the northern end of Loma to the entrance of Mission Valley was built under the supervision of that immortal, America's first recognized humorist, Captain George Horatio Derby, writing in his idle hours under the pen-name of "John Phoenix." In his capacity as Topographical Engineer Derby came to San Diego to undertake the turning of the customarily sluggish river; having been retired to this position after a severe wound received in the battle of Cerro Gordo. He was under thirty when he went to work on what he termed the "San Diego mud pie." Referring to this task, he says:

"Here (at Old Town) I saw Lieutenant Derby of the Topographical Engineers, an elderly gentleman of emaciated appearance and serious cast of features.

Constant study and unremitting attention to his laborious duties have reduced him almost to a skeleton, but there are not wanting those who say that an unrequited attachment to his earlier days is the cause of his care-worn appearance. He was sent from Washington some months since 'to dam the San Diego river' and he informed me with a deep sigh and mournful smile that he had done it (mentally) several times since his arrival."

The **San Diego Herald** of September 24, 1853, comments on the work of the lieutenant (he was later raised, for faithful and efficient work in his department, to the rank of captain):

IMPROVEMENT OF THE SAN DIEGO RIVER

> This work was commenced by Lieut. Derby, U. S. Corps of Topographical Engineers on Monday last. His orders are to excavate the former channel of the river discharging into False Bay and to build a levee or embankment of earth from a point near the Old Town to a point on the opposite high land (distance 1190 yards) intersected by the Playa road to counteract the action of subsequent freshets. Sixty laborers with carts, wheelbarrow, &c. are to be put on the work at once and by carrying it on energetically it is hoped that it may be entirely completed before the commencement of the rainy season.

On October 1st, 1853, there is a "John Phoenix" editorial in the Herald; for, in addition to his out-door work, Derby was occupying the sanctum of Editor Ames during the latter's visit to San Francisco; taking the occasion, by the way, to reverse Ames's rabid political views, thus creating and carrying out a program

of bedevilment that brought to the little old Herald a national reputation as a "funny paper." Here perhaps is room for "John Phoenix" to say a word:

> Some twenty emigrants from Texas, two or three with families, have arrived during the week. They have nearly all gone to work on the river. They report four or five hundred more behind with fine stock. One emigrant is said to have brought through a thoroughbred three-year-old colt, for which he was offered and refused six hundred dollars at the Colorado river. We don't believe this story for we doubt very much if there is any one there who has so much money. The Indians at work on the river behave well and shovel with great ardor con amore. There are at present forty-seven at work but fifty more are expected early in the week. They are under the control of Mr. Conroy and Chas. Gage overseers and their own chiefs, Manuelito and old Tomas. Tents have been pitched for them and with an unlimited supply of beans and the flesh of bulls (a burnt offering they do not despise) they are as happy as circumstances will admit and 'doing as well as could be expected." This is about the extent of our news for this week—maybe something else will turn up before the next in which case the great "Ames" will undoubtedly publish it. Meanwhile the public are requested to conduct themselves in a virtuous manner and keep their olfactory organs in a state of cleanliness.

On November 19th, the Herald announces that the dam and canal intended to direct the water into its

original channel emptying into False Bay, and making of Isle Loma a peninsula, was completed the week before and the men discharged.

> . . . The remainder of the projected work, the construction of the levee across between the two high points below the dam will be delayed until we can get another appropriation from Congress.

Derby was here for the better part of two years, from 1853 to 1855. In this joyous mood he once wrote us up:

> The Bay of San Diego is shaped like a boot, the leg forming the entrance from the sea, and the toe extending some twelve miles inland at right angles to it, as a matter of course, points southward to the latter end of Mexico, from which it is distant at present precisely three miles.
>
> The three villages then, which go to make up the great city of San Diego, are the Playa, Old Town, and New Town, or 'Davis's Folly." At the Playa there are but few buildings at present, and these are not remarkable for size or architectural beauty of design. A long, low, one-storied tenement, near the base of the hills, once occupied by rollicking Captain Magruder and the officers under his command, is now the place where Judge Witherby, like Matthew, patiently "sits at the receipt of customs." But few customers appear, for with the exception of the mail steamer once a fortnight, and the Goliah and Ohio, two little coasting steamers that wheeze in and out once or twice a month, the calm waters of San Diego Bay remain unruf-

fled by keel or cut-water from one year's end to another. Such a thing as a foreign bottom has never made its appearance to gladden the Collector's heart; in this respect, the harbor has indeed proved bottomless. Two crazy old hulks riding at anchor, and the barque Clarissa Andrews . . . wherein dwells Captain Bogart like a second Robinson Crusoe, with a man Friday who is mate, cook, steward and all hands, make up the amount of shipping at the Playa.

Then there is the Ocean House (that's Donohoe's) and a store marked Gardiner and Bleecker, than the inside of which nothing could be bleaker, for there's "nothing in it," and an odd-looking little building on stilts out in the water, where a savant named Sabot, in the employ of the U. S. Engineers, makes mysterious observations on the tide; and these, with three other small buildings, unoccupied, a fence and a graveyard, constitute all the "improvements" that have been made at the Playa. The ruins of two old hide-houses, immortalized by Dana . . . are still standing, one bearing the weather-beaten name of Tasso. We examined these and got well bitten by fleas for our trouble. We also examined the other great curiosity of the Playa, a natural one—being a cleft in the adjacent hills some hundred feet in depth, with a smooth, hard floor of white sand and its walls of indurated clay, perforated with cavities wherein dwell countless numbers of great white owls . . . Through this cleft we marched into the bowels of the land without impediment for nearly half a mile . . .

> From present appearances one would be little disposed to imagine that the Playa in five or six years might become a city of the size of Louisville, with brick buildings, paved streets, gas lights, theaters, gambling houses, and so forth . . .

The lantern in No. 355 of the Twelfth Lighthouse District designated as Point Loma Light, was first lighted at sunset on the evening of November 15th, 1855. This was old 'Spanish" light, so called. It was not Spanish; nor Mexican. This lighthouse was in every respect an American institution; with the exception of one Covarrubias all its keepers were Americans. Yet, in a very real sense, we are justified in retaining the name . . . "Old Spanish;" though this was by no means the first of the beacons erected on the Pacific coast.

The actual first light on California's shores was very truly Spanish. It was a lantern hung on a pole erected at the tip of Ballast Point; and was the signal for supply ships coming northward after 1769. The need for a lighthouse on Point Loma came under the notice of the Congress of the United States in 1848, when the first provision for aids to navigation on the Pacific Coast was made. This was the last of those first structures erected under plans set in motion immediately after California in 1850, under the impetus of the gold rush, leaped to full statehood. Quite American, all of them! And yet, Point Loma Light, No. 355 was also quite Spanish! Into its construction entered adobes that were formed by Diegueño Indians under superintendence of that Don Manuel Rodríguez who ordered the Lelia Byrd fired upon. These adobes were brought up from the old castillo ruins and were built into the floors and walls of the lighthouse. The bricks, tiles, lumber, nails, etc., were of Yankee manu-

facture and shipped around the Horn on Yankee sailing vessels; but all the masons, carpenters, directors and workmen who manned the barges that brought these materials from the landing place at La Playa were of Spanish birth and spoke Spanish better than English. And Spanish families were reared in the old lighthouse . . . nearly every keeper married into an Old Town Spanish family and the boys and girls who grew to manhood and womanhood in the lighthouse were Spanish . . . speaking traditional Castilian, eating authentic Spanish food; correctly trained in Spanish manners and customs; dancing Spanish steps; singing Spanish airs; riding in Spanish saddles on Spanish-bred horses.

You have heard of Spanish dancing in all old Alta California; how the violin or the guitar or both instruments together were ever sounding, light heels ever clicking. And here, in a wooden building that used to stand beside the lighthouse, young folk of Old Town used to celebrate all-night bailes. Richard—Dick—Kerren, a perfect genius who knew not one note from another, but whom Ole Bull offered to take to Europe and to place on the concert stage—used to "play the dances" all over southern California and across the line in California Baja, and always played for the lighthouse parties. El Son, La Bamba, and the like he played; and the later waltzes, polkas, schottisches and quadrilles . . . "and then down to the beach for the sunrise," a lady who remembers Dick and those merry old times exclaims, "and oh! the beauty of those sunrises!"

With the turning of the river and the lighting of the Point Loma beacon, the whaling industry on Ballast Point came into importance. Fish oil, sperm oil, colza oil, lard oil and kerosene were in turn in use in the lantern of Light No. 355; and at least a part of

those fuels was rendered and coopered on Point Loma, the destination of many a Nantucket and New Bedford whaler. Ballast Point became headquarters for two New England whaling companies. San Diego Bay was so filled with female whales passing between Ballast Point and that thin sliver of sand on North Island that marks the eastern turning point of the harbor—that sliver named for the last of the Mexican governors of California, the famous land-granter, the extravagant, the boisterous, the romantic Pío Pico—that La Playans could not cross the narrow entrance to bring water from "Russian Springs," as they sometimes did. And down to the late sixties and for ten or fifteen years after that boom time when Alonzo E. Horton, the father of modern San Diego, went to bed every night complaining of fatigue insupportable, his fingers sore, his forearms swollen, because he was handling such vast sums of gold and silver, when his town lots were selling like hot dogs at a fair, the whaling business on Ballast Point continued to thrive. Later it suffered the inconvenience of moving try-pots across to North Island in order to make room for governmental improvements in the reservation.

Old Joe Reiner and others of the early keepers of Point Loma Light knew their keenest relish of life, when, sighting a spouter near the kelp, they could get the news over to the Packards or the Johnsons, by flag-waving, by Indian runner, by gun-shots; and thereby summon all San Diego up to the headland. Sailboats scudding down the bay. Horsemen flying over the old trails. The less fortunate trudging through sage-brush, pookiny, sumac, and rue thickets. Here is old Joe Reiner's description of the taking of a whale:

> Well, gentlemen, I yust tell you it dakes two boats mit two men in. One sits mit de front in und de oder sits mit de behind, mit

> dis great big ting to steer him round mit. Und den dey goes und dakes off both heads from de whale; und den dey dakes und shoots dis great big ting mit de gun in. Und dis ting it preaks him up in de whale's pelly, un den it blows him und de oil to hell up togedder.

Down on Ballast Point to this day are to be seen the remains of the try-pot fires, the sand still impregnated with oil and soot. Samuel Warren Hackett, in diaries dating from 1864 to 1869, has left a record of his whaling days on Point Loma, where most of the whales were killed as they passed along outside the kelp opposite the old "Spanish" light. At that period hundreds of whales passed down the coast from December 10 to January 31st and back North until April first. Mr. Hackett's entries run like this:

> Got in a whale and boiled one pot . . . Cleaned a whale, made 360 gallons . . . another whale was towed in tonight . . . coopered our oil and shipped it aboard the steamer . . . the boats started after a dead whale this mor . . . returned again . . . heavy weather. 3 whale boats went out and anchored the whale . . . Carcassed a whale and boiled out two pots . . . A whale went ashore at False Bay . . . Henry Johnson shot a whale and it floated . . . Towed in the whale that Henry shot and cut him at Packard's . . . The river came down this afternoon . . . Jim shot a whale the first of upseas (Feb. 5, 1866) . . . Jim killed a right whale . . . Charley's whale cam up . . . Running off oil for shipping . . . recd draft of Watson for my lay $215.00 . . . Henry got a whale to spouting blood and lost it . . . They towed in the whale that George shot—a bull

> . . . been making loggerheads for the whale-boat. . . Rain and blowing . . . the river is sweeping everything . . . went on the hill, saw the wife to my whale . . . I shot, didn't hurt the whale . . . 8 bombs shot. All hands out plenty of whales. . .

Materials for this chapter have been gathered from many sources. For ten years I have been searching for information in regard to the old "Spanish" lighthouse, and have succeeded in listing all the keepers from 1857 to 1891, and all but two of the assistant keepers . . . this list perfectly disproving the "historical" statements that the first keepers were Spanish, and that there were but two or three of them altogether! Miss Lillian Whaley of the San Diego Library remembers dances at the old lighthouse; and Mr. Henry Israel, of Coronado, remembers his boyhood spent there. The diaries of Samuel Warren Hackett were loaned me by his daughter, Mrs. J. B. Bostick. I have also corresponded with the Department of Commerce, and the Bureau of Lighthouses at Washington; and taken excerpts from the **San Diego Herald,** the first newspaper of the southwest.

Other sources were:

Phoenixiana: George Horatio Derby.

History of San Diego: William E. Smythe.

Spanish Alta California: Alberta Johnston Denis.

HOLY GROUND

Today I climbed to Bennington; and stayed
To mother the still dust—a soldier's tomb—
For his far mourning mother. Neither room
Nor time for sorrow Bennington has made;
Nor shut life out. Today pink roses prayed
To dance tunes; and all the hours were bloom
And bird-notes ringing to the cannoned boom
Where on red cliffs the mad seas enfilade.

Beside the slender shaft that holds the blue
Flung banner-wise above these victor boys,
These lonely lads, the winds of Loma flew—
Whispered bright peace; whispered of joys
Gentled in sunshine, like long interludes
Of song at battle's close . . . long quietudes.

* * *

Among all the beginnings which California and the United States of America made on that small strip of canyon-cut hills, known today as Point Loma, no beginning is more neglected of memory than the first graves; though all familiar with the authentic history of the far West must believe that the earliest burial places were here. From one point of view, those lost and forgotten tombs constitute California's most significant beginning; they were symbols of eternal, inalienable possession. Spain need not have feared, down the long decades between the coming of Sebastián Vizcaíno and the coming of Juan Pérez, that England or Russia or any other European power would at-

tempt, successfully, to colonize the California coast. Though she seems never to have realized the fact, Spain was as early as 1602 certainly (possibly as early as 1542) already in occupancy here; seized of her own. In consecrated California ground she had begun to strike tenacious roots; for, had she not planted in it a part of her own heart?

Not wholly joyous and enthusiastic were the Derrotero and his companions when they sailed out of San Diego Bay toward what they dreamed were victories larger than the victory which they had here celebrated. In their ears were echoes of sad requiems for their dead; their eyes rested for the last time upon fresh mounds which their own hands had heaped. In lonely watches up the coast and down it again, they were remembering in pious prayers those sleeping on this silent shore

> . . . may their souls and the souls of all the faithful departed rest in peace . . . may Everlasting Light shine upon them.

To find an unmarked grave on the island of San Miguel and to bring back to Point Loma what remains of the body of California's discoverer is one of the dreams of certain groups of the Native Sons and Daughters of the Golden West. It is a dream not to be realized, of course; because, after four hundred years, nothing of Juan Rodríguez Cabrillo could possibly be identified or exhumed out of that small portion of hungry western earth where he was hastily—and probably not very deeply—buried. However appropriate, Point Loma cannot become Cabrillo's last resting place; but it is quite within belief that among his sick officers and crew there were some who never lived to sail northward when he again put out to sea from here. The very first graves may well have been dug on Loma during the last week of September or the

first week of October, 1542. We know, at least, from the record that two men died and were buried at sea before the Victoria and San Salvador reached this port. All later records declare that never was sea voyage undertaken during Cabrillo's time without the dread presence aboard of scurvy. Though the disease has at last been conquered, its symptoms have been described so often that one easily imagines one of those "plague ships" of the fifteenth and sixteenth and later centuries. A terrible lassitude overtook men's limbs; and mental apathy even more pitiable seized them; so that they did not care whether they lived or died. Death was so frequent, so expected, that the diarists were not always exact as to names and dates and places. It was customary for a ship to run into a harbor with everyone aboard ready to drop; and there can be little question that Cabrillo's ships, which were notoriously "badly equipped and poorly manned" must have been particularly ghastly examples of floating charnel houses. If on la Punta de California Cabrillo left no single grave, there must have been instant recuperations—many of them—as soon as the anchors of the Victoria and San Salvador fastened upon the earth off old Ballast Point.

Vizcaíno's dead whose mortality has long since mingled with Point Loma dust were many. In **California and Its Missions,** Bryan J. Clinch remarks that the satisfaction felt by Vizcaíno at his discovery of La Punta de San Diego was dimmed by an outbreak of scurvy among the sailors, as a consequence of the hardships of the voyage and of the unvarying salted provisions. The old, oft-repeated story!

> Several died during the couple of weeks the vessels remained in the bay and Vizcaíno thought it better to continue his voyage without delay.

And the Torquemada record, after speaking of the date of sailing, adds:

> . . . but before . . . all made their confession and received Holy Communion, because already many soldiers were ill, and some of the best men had died . . .

Some of the best men. It is a phrase to remember in connection with California's beginning. Those who were most needed; the most resolute and daring; the best beloved, perhaps. Proud and heroic and forever gone from their earthly places; and out of their seafaring habitudes. The ecclesiastics in the Vizcaíno expedition were kept busy, ministering to the needs of the souls of the living and of the dying.

One of the glamorous features of life aboardship was in those days the religious observances. Prayers and song accompanied the working of the gear, the change of watch, the hoisting of the lights at dusk. To absolve the adventurers of their sins, to keep their souls sweet, to attend them in their last agonies, to give them Christian burial, friars and priests accompanied every expedition. And the Carmelites with Vizcaíno blessed many a six-foot hollow on La Punta de San Diego, where men long sickening for the wholesome earth, found their last rest. Truly, the Derrotero, in spite of his loudly blared advertising of the advantages of this good port, must have remembered its curving shores as holy ground. If actually Cabrillo left here no first California grave, a little plot on Point Loma none the less became the first campo santo; though not a single wooden cross or paling remains to tell where it was.

When on April 29, 1769, the San Carlos of the José de Gálvez expedition drifted into the Bay of San

Diego her crew were prostrated, "not enough able-bodied men being left to man a boat." The need on that day for immediate burials must have been most urgent. There was little time for ritual; there were scant materials at hand for either coffin or pall. The body was covered with a sheet or a piece of canvas, or officer's cloak or clergyman's cassock; the head was placed upon a stone; about the body, on the ground, stood a candle or two, possibly four. Prayers for the dead were begun; and while the able-bodied worked, these prayers went on constantly until the grave had been dug. A little procession was formed; a cross-bearer preceding the priest who walked before the rude litter on which rested the corpse; without coffin; without tolled bells. Under the crest he was interred, head to the West, feet turned toward the East, after a custom immemorial. With only the solemn Misereres of the winds and the Magnificats of the once more triumphant sea . . . Memento homo quia pulvis es et in pulverem reverteris.

Clinch says, "A strange fatality seemed to mock the provisions taken by Gálvez to insure the success of the expedition by sea." Captain Vila, referring to the San Antonio, wrote:

> . . . She arrived at this port on April 11, half her crew down with scurvy, of which two men had died. For work they had only the seven men who came in the launch, and of these a few already felt symptoms of the same disease. Captain Juan Pérez also was in poor health. Only the two Missionary Fathers were well.

That was the ship which arrived first, the San Antonio, which long afterward, because of her speed and excellent seaworthiness was used for a supply

ship plying between Monterey and San Diego in the North and harbors of Lower California.

There is some doubt about the place where stood the 1769 "pest house"—mere rude barracks made of canvas, which were erected "on a hillock close by the beach and a cannon shot from the packets." Smythe thinks that "la Punta de los Muertos" (Dead Men's Point) was at the foot of H street in what is now the city of San Diego; but Father Engelhardt says:

> . . . We do not think that the Spaniards who preferred to have the cemeteries near the church, would have buried the dead so far away.

Father Engelhardt is probably correct in his surmise. We have to remember that there were scarcely enough men aboard the two packets to work them; and that Captains Pérez and Vila would not have added cruelty to an apparent necessity—which consisted of approaching as near as possible the mouth of San Diego River, where fresh water and green foods could be procured—would not have forced that sick and dying company to drive the ships a league and a half beyond the river's mouth! Somewhere near the present United States Naval Training Station, or possibly nearer the Marine Base, may be taken as the landing place when

> . . . at five o'clock in the afternoon, Wednesday 3, several soldiers with Fr. Fernando Parrón, Don Pedro Fages, and Don Jorge Estorace went off in the launch to bury the dead seamen on the shore.

The Vila diary continues recounting the sick and dying condition of the men.

> . . . with more than half of the soldiers in a

similar condition, without medicines and fresh food to help them, as everything had been consumed on the voyage; in addition, the surgeon, Don Pedro Prat, was unable to help them owing to the fact that he himself was seriously ill . . .

At six o'clock, Saturday morning a Philippine sailor, named Augustín Fernández de Medina, died . . . I remained on board with the quartermaster, who was extremely ill, a Galician sailor, and a little cabin boy, who also had touches of the disease. I was unable to walk, and Fr. Fernando Parrón also was ill. At eight o'clock, Tuesday morning, May 9, I sent the launch ashore to construct another barracks for the ten sick men from the San Antonio. On the same day, four soldiers fell sick, and Don Miguel Costansó told me that only eight men fit for work were left on the shore. At two o'clock in the afternoon, Manuel Sánchez, a cabin boy, died; and Mateo Francisco, a Philippine sailor, died on Wednesday morning at eight o'clock . . .

Father Juan Crespí, writing home to the Father Guardian of San Fernando College, tells the same story; and Father Junípero Serra's first letter written from California Alta says (July 6, 1769):

. . . Here are the two ships; the San Carlos is without sailors, for all have died of scurvy, save one and a cook; the San Antonio, otherwise El Principe, . . . infected, so that eight . . . died.

Don Miguel Costansó's diary has this note:

The cold made itself felt with rigor at

> night . . . and the Sun . . . by day—alternations which made the sick suffer cruelly, two or three of them dying every day.

There is also some information about the number of deaths that occurred among the two crews, and the number of graves left at La Playa and at "La Punta de los Muertos." Bancroft, whose researches were extremely thorough, says that for two weeks after the arrival of the second ship, the well had "more than enough to do in caring for the sick and in burying the dead. Of the two hundred and nineteen men who set out to come to California Alta by sea only one hundred and twenty-six remained. When Portolá left for his overland journey northward, he detailed eight of his "leather jackets" as guards for the sick, with eight "Californian Christians" (Indian neophytes?) and Vila's five men. Father Serra and two other friars also remained. And still the deaths continued; within a few months amounting to over sixty, including some of the Indians. All the names are not in the San Diego register of deaths. One cannot help being reminded of the deaths among the Mayflower party that first cruel winter in New England; one cannot help remembering that thus deep roots were struck into this American soil by Spaniards as well as by English colonials.

There followed other "first" graves on Loma; graves of those who had no right to burial in hallowed ground—of non-Catholics, for instance. As old La Playa grew in size and importance, and as there came from many corners of earth sailors and seafarers, death naturally came also. In Mrs. Hilliard's manuscript, **A Few Chronicles of Point Loma,** is this note:

> A Portuguese by the name of Manuel Madruga founded La Playa (the modern suburb of San Diego) as we know it . . . His

> sons Manuel and Henry used to roam all over Point Loma, finding many things, among them the graves of three soldiers back of where the Quarantine Station now stands. The same spot has been used for a burying ground for a good many people since then . . .

The San Diego Union of September 20, 1887, under the title "Forgotten Graves" records the story told by a wooden monument planted on the 5th of February, 1847, above the remains of one Neil McCullin, an O. S. who met his death by a fall from the fore-royal masthead of the U. S. frigate "Congress." His grave was within a few hundred yards of old La Playa, among four or five others, unidentified. Still another was that of the master of the ship Hailerig from New Bedford . . . "probably the master of the hide-drogher described by Dana." There, too, were the graves of those Russians who were found on North Island, the father of the child "La Loma" and his companions, who were buried with rites of the Greek Church.

Point Loma was never much affected by the various "booms" in San Diego; but continued its sleepy existence undisturbed. Among those who foresaw a noisy future for this place of dreams was Louis J. Rose, whose name is perpetuated in the suburb Roseville. He came to California from Texas in 1850 and was given his first supper by that gracious lady, Doña Victoria Estudillo, who lived in the house now known as "Ramona's Marriage Place." Rose in 1869 gave to the San Diego Jewish congregation five acres of Loma property for a Jewish cemetery; and, by a strange working-out of events his is the only grave remaining of the many formerly occupying that space.

Shortly after the boundaries of the present government reservation of Fort Rosecrans were in 1852

established, the military cemetery on the crest of Point Loma, overlooking the first of all cemeteries on the Point, was set aside. Bennington monument is a granite obelisk, nobly remindful of sixty men and boys who lost their lives while on duty aboard the U. S. S. gunboat Bennington in San Diego harbor, July 22, 1905. At Bennington cemetery rest also those seventeen soldiers who fell in the battle of San Pasqual, December 6, 1846; their all but forgotten names having recently been inscribed on a bronze tablet affixed to a granite boulder which was brought down from the battlefield.

So much for the beginnings in sorrow that were made in California; on Point Loma. Losses were many by death; but once the Spaniards, and later the Yankees, had taken root, longevity was the astonishing rule. The most famous of all local centenarians was Doña Eulalia Pérez, the wife of that Antonio Guillen who, during the Lelia Byrd's tricky maneuvers out of the harbor, ran over to the Spanish castillo on Ballast Point, and informed the officers there that the Yankees were carrying off the Spanish guard. Doña Eulalia at seventy was a wonderful dancer. She was key-keeper, house-mistress of the women's quarters at San Gabriel, when in 1830 Master Henry D. Fitch was tried for the abduction of Josefa Carrillo (then his wife and the mother of his son!) Doña Eulalia died at last in 1878, claiming then to be one hundred and thirty-nine years old.

It is not all holy ground, Point Loma. Terror and cruelty and dreadful deeds have stalked here; long ago, at least. But there are, too, on this beginning place, this hill of beauty, spaces where heroic dead lie . . . spaces which forgetfulness holds safely inviolate. Rock-hewn graves are among hidden paths; under the spreading, twisted roots of ancient dwarfed shrubs;

and when the old trails in April are white with the foam of wild petals in the twilight, none could doubt that mystic guide posts are leaning significantly toward some particularly holy spot.

For this chapter I had access to

San Diego Mission: Fr. Zephyrin Engelhardt, O. F. M.

History of California, Vol. I: H. H. Bancroft.

California Pastoral: H. H. Bancroft.

Catholic Encyclopaedia.

History of San Diego: W. E. Smythe.

California and Its Missions: Bryan J. Clinch.

A Few Chronicles of Point Loma: Mrs. J. L. Hilliard (Ms).

To Mr. T. J. Getz, of "Ramona's Marriage Place," and to Miss Henrietta Rose, of San Diego, I am indebted for information in regard to the burial place of L. J. Rose.

DONA RITA

There where you lie now, are you quite content
When dawn is trembling like a scattered rose
On Loma's hill, while life still brims and blows
Southing for me; mystic—magnificent
For me? And when white East is spent
With seeking you, at last the last shade goes
Past San Clemente's rim? Lost heart, who knows
What were your word . . . you voiceless, impotent?

Dream you of Loma in oblivion?
Of Loma's lark songs curved about the blue
Beyond these little streets where we have gone
Whispering of homes and lovers? Peaceful, you?
While streets of summering Loma bourgeon
With orange poppies, callas, wormwood, rue?

* * *

One who witnessed and recorded and lost remembrance of many California beginnings was Miss Margaret McGregor, whose name is remembered in connection with Point Loma chiefly because of her belief that of old the headland was well wooded. When the permanent settlement was afterwards established there were here no trees; but "Doña Rita," as Miss McGregor was known, insisted that Point Loma's treelessness was a modern condition.

This lover of Loma was in advanced years a rather squat, sunburned out-doors woman, hardly dis-

tinguishable—until one had looked into her piercing Celtic eyes—from the squaws who gathered yerba santa and artemisia for medicine, tules for baskets, kelp for fertilizer. With them she haunted the little paths and by-ways on Loma; and knew more of the intimate history of California wild life than most professional naturalists. She saw the hide trade thrive at La Playa; the whaling industry wax and wane on Ballast Point; the Mexican flag come down off the old public buildings and the American flag go up; and then she saw the United States of America, beginning upon the military reservation, establish boundaries where land had never before been measured with any degree of accuracy.

The story is told that Margaret McGregor was a newspaper woman in the city of New York before coming as a young woman to Point Loma. When she came no one knows; but she was affectionately known throughout all Southern California; and had her particular intimacies among the Spanish and Mexican families who helped her to forget that she had once been eastern and in an eastern manner conventional.

As an old woman Miss MacGregor wrote a history of Point Loma. This manuscript, which contained materials which can never again be assembled, she placed in the hands of one of the lawyers in Old Town—presumably Mr. Jeff Gatewood. It perished when his offices were burned. And with it perished her enthusiasms—many of them at least—for she never had the courage to gather her memories into another manuscript.

One of the most thrilling traditions among the many that center about Doña Rita of Point Loma is the song, "When You and I Were Young, Maggie." It is said that this piece of sweet sentimentality was written for and dedicated to Miss MacGregor. Long

ago, it was an old and an out-of-date song, seldom rendered without apologies to the rising generation; and yet it persists. The rising generations learn to love it, in spite of its depressing phrases, its rather pathetic monotone. One still hears it now and then upon the concert stage; and the conclusion protrudes that it will continue to find favor. Certainly there is no western atmosphere here:

I wandered today to the hill, Maggie,
  To watch the scene below;
The creek and the creaking old mill, Maggie,
  As we used to, long ago.
The green grove is gone from the hill, Maggie,
  Where first the daisies sprung;
The creaking old mill is still, Maggie,
  Since you and I were young.

That it was addressed to one long absent seems manifest in the chorus:

And now we are aged and gray, Maggie,
  And the trials of life nearly done;
Let us sing of the days that are gone, Maggie,
  When you and I were young.

A city so silent and lone, Maggie,
  Where the young and the gay and the best,
In polished white mansions of stone, Maggie,
  Have each found a place of rest,
Is built where the birds used to play, Maggie,
  And join in the songs that were sung;
For we sang as gay as they, Maggie,
  When you and I were young.

They say I am feeble with age, Maggie,
  My steps are less sprightly than then,
My face is a well written page, Maggie,
  But time alone was the pen.

They say we are aged and gray, Maggie,
As spray by the white breakers flung;
But to me you're as fair as you were, Maggie,
When you and I were young.

* * *

The song was published in 1869; when Doña Rita must have been in her middle years. Preoccupied with the past on Loma, she had not yet become "aged and gray;" her steps were still sprightly and for many a long year afterward—on all the old Indian trails that used to wander up and down and across the headland. It is recorded that Doña Rita was instrumental in gathering together the mortal remains of the father of "La Loma," the little Russian orphan found on North Island, and interring them with those of his ship-wrecked companions in that old burying ground under the shadow of modern Bennington. Members of the Greek Catholic church, they had—because of Doña Rita's superintendence of the ceremony—burial according to their own ritual. Those who took part in these obsequies faced the east, and prayed standing . . . and the souls of the lost Russians went to their long peace with the sound of Margaret MacGregor's voice intoning words their hearts had once loved.

William E. Smythe quotes Miss MacGregor on the subject of Point Loma trees:

> There is no doubt that Point Loma was covered with trees . . . there are now old stumps in the ground there, charred by fire, and the Indians used to dig them out for fuel. The Indians said there was once a heavy forest there, but that it was destroyed by fire. There were live oak stumps. They were not very large—about the same size as the other trees on the Point. I would not call it timber.

> There was a good deal of it—the Point was covered with it.

This statement seems to have precipitated a never-ending discussion in regard to that grove of trees which Vizcaíno in 1602 mentions:

> . . . a very large grove at an estuary which extended into the land . . . .

—a statement which seems to be corroborated by the Torquemada manuscript:

> . . . the general ordered some men to go and examine a mountain which protects this harbor from the northwest wind; these . . . found much live oak timber and other trees, such as the rock-rose and others resembling rosemary, besides some very odoriferous and wholesome plants . . .

Mrs. J. L. Hilliard, writing of Doña Rita in 1917 calls her "one of the most interesting persons I have known on Point Loma." Her personality was a blending of sweetness and wisdom. The fair young girl who was the subject of the Maggie song loved the bright, the beautiful and the just no more deeply than the old squaw-like searcher of the Loman hills.

Conversations with Mr. and Mrs. J. L. Hilliard, Mr. James A. Jasper and Miss C. Lillian Whaley have given me data regarding "Doña Rita."

There was a discussion between C. R. Orcutt and Carroll de Wilton Scott published in the Sunday issues of **San Diego Union** in December, 1920, relating to trees on Point Loma. And the **Report of the Superintendent of the U. S. Coast Survey for 1858** mentions this matter.

The words of "When You and I Were Young, Maggie" are used by permission of the publishers, Oliver Ditson & Co.

Books which speak of trees on Point Loma are those which contain the Vizcaíno record; among them:

History of San Diego: William E. Smythe.

San Diego Mission: Fr. Zephyrin Engelhardt.

MANY BEGINNINGS

There are long silences where lost winds blow
Upon these Loma altars of the sun;
And when small winds with seafaring are done,
There are deep paths the feet of evening know.
The sudden stars of evening on tiptoe
As if the wistful dreams of Time had run
Into the night, forever, one by one,
Through Loma's violet-shadowed canyons go.

Past Pío Pico swift ships lift and glide
Into our channel, into port; or far
Inexorably drawn down that old tide
Where Orient stillnesses of temples are
As subtile as sage incense; and as wide
Blown to the sea; and as familiar.
Torquemada says:

* * *

"Desde lo alto del monte se vío ser el puerto lindísimo y mui grande y todo el mui acomodado para el abrigo de todos los vientos." Desdo lo alto del monte . . . from the top of the mountain, one can see at last how extremely beautiful and how large and capacious for shelter was this port where California had many beginnings.

It is enough to remember, perhaps, that with Cabrillo's arrival at what is now Point Loma, California began. For Cabrillo it began indeed; because he named

the place Point California; and if Cabrillo had survived to return to those who hired his services, no doubt that old name, la Punta de California, might have been preserved, perpetuated.

Once more remembering all those smaller beginnings that followed here—after the lapse of centuries—Cabrillo's first, one might recapitulate:

When Vizcaíno in 1602 caused to be erected on one of Point Loma's shores a rude hut, wherein mass might be celebrated and requiems sung for the recent dead, the first of all California places of worship may be said to have been established. Sweetly odoriferous stood that temple, woven of native branches; a consecrated edifice, than which no enduring marble cathedral can be considered more sacred.

Then the cattle business of the West. A beginning that was so tiny, so unimportant . . . yet so mighty, so immeasurably important! Like infinitesimal seed that grows and flourishes so abundantly that it would fill the earth with its kind! The cattle business began in 1769; when all things Spanish took root at last; and permanency shaped its colorful dreams. It was then also, when the San Antonio put out of port southbound for relief, that the first beacon of the sea to light the California coast was raised on Ballast Point.

Among the first, if not actually the very first bells that ever in California called men and women to divine service were landed from the San Antonio or San Carlos at La Playa—bells that today may be heard and tomorrow morning and tomorrow and all days of our modern world faintly jangling out of tune from the belfry of the Church of the Immaculate Conception at Old Town. These harsh reminders of a happy time long gone were lately moved from the ancient adobe church which is still preserved within a housing of lumber. Of them it has been written:

> . . . It is thought they were made in Spain. From there they were shipped to the City of Mexico, and brought here . . . their ringing was not a concord of sweet sounds.

No particular glory attaches to the fact that the fight of the Lelia Byrd, that one brief naval battle which took place mainly in the outer harbor of San Diego Bay, under the shadow of Loma, is another of California's beginnings. Material for comic opera it affords chiefly: tricky Yankee seamen, pompous shrill Comandante Rodríguez; screaming shabby artillerymen and presidio guard; shooting off their toy cannons and running away . . . and then, that picture at the back of the greening lyric hills.

More important, because of the prophecy mutely given and because of the characteristic Yankee hardihood betokened by it, was the flying in 1829 of the "shirt-tail flag." In insolence it was raised where it certainly did not belong; but in the light of the events of the next twenty years it was a foreshadowing, it seems. All Yankeeland was beginning to look toward California when the crude stitches that fashioned that flag were in loneliness wrought . . . boys from Nantucket, New Bedford, Boston and New York were already on their way; some to come and to go; some to stay, take unto themselves Spanish wives and raise bumper crops of first Californians. That flag was crackling over the old Brookline's hide-house the morning after Josefita Carrillo galloped with Don Pío Pico down the La Playa trail on her way to her Yankee lover . . . truly that day it must have seemed a symbol of a new era to be shaped by the offspring of sprightly Spanish ladies and far adventuring New England gallants. The new flag and the new dauntlessness of the runaways were linked certainly—somehow.

There were other beginnings: the first otter-skin

was smuggled out; the first load of hides was delivered to a "foreign" ship; the first convict arrived . . . the first rodeo was held, the first bull fight, the first horse race. And there were still other beginnings after 1850. One event that remains increasingly interesting is the Point Loma coal mine, opened by a company of Mormon soldiers in 1847. On the southwest shore, oceanward from the crest there is still to be seen evidence of those earliest futile diggings—the "Mormon Well" it is called.

It would be a happiness to enliven these pages with witticisms from the lips and pen of "John Phoenix," whose jokes were lavishly spilled along all the old Loma trails where he rode joyously and noisily with his La Playa friend, jovial Captain Macgruder; but, though the claim might be easily substantiated that here began America's taste for the open-air variety of humor, the temptation is refused. While in these parts Lieutenant Derby worked and had his being in Old Town and along the river shore. Point Loma represented for him a few play hours—laughter, song and conviviality—an incident merely in his busy short career while he was transforming it from the island that it had been to the peninsula which it is today.

About the time Lieutenant Derby was writing for the Herald, the following significant article appeared in that antique sheet:

SAILING DIRECTIONS IN SAN DIEGO

(Information in relation to San Diego Bay and its approaches contained in a letter from the superintendent of the Coast Survey to the secretary of the treasury).

Vessels in sight of the coast and approaching San Diego from the north will observe an opening in the hills and the appear-

> ance of an inland bay. This is the false port and must be avoided. Immediately north of the false port commences a table land . . . called Point Loma . . .
>
> Steer right through the kelp, giving Point Loma a berth of one-half mile and in a few minutes you will open Ballast Point, a low beach of single stones, forming a natural breakwater. Then round up gradually until you bring Ballast Point in range with the easternmost house on the Playa and be very careful not to open more of the village, otherwise you will be too far to the east and in danger of getting aground on Zuñiga shoal. The breakers show its position. During the summer keep as close to the hills on the port side as your draught of water will allow, as you will then be able to lay on the wind right up to Ballast Point. Steer direct for the Playa and anchor as you please.
>
> From the perfect shelter it affords from all winds and the depth of its water, San Diego Bay is considered next to San Francisco the best on the coast. That such a large volume of water should have such a small outlet is somewhat remarkable, as is also the very singular natural breakwater, Ballast Point.

Old sailing directions are these! They were practical seventy-five years ago; for those who depend upon wind and water to waft them to Loma they are practical today; and if Cabrillo had had them in 1542 they would have saved him many an anxious moment. Cabrillo indeed might have written these directions, so perfectly they describe his entry. And they apply equally to the maneuvers of Vizcaíno, of Pérez, of Vila,

of all those later arriving innumerable masters of sailing craft who for themselves here discovered California.

The streets of old Boston used to be paved with the round "single stones" picked up by sailors on the beach at Ballast Point. As cobblestones in thoroughfares that wound crookedly down to the waterfront they became mutely eloquent of the place farthest West toward which the New England imagination turned; and they led the feet of thousands of boys into ways and destinies wholly strange: into Yankee ships bound round the Horn in quest of gold and pearls, hides, whale-oil and romance. Are there any old cobblestone pavements left in Boston—pavements noisily clamorous of the western seas?

Beginnings and beginnings . . . even two springs ago Point Loma again linked her story with the world story, when young Lindbergh, in the first seconds of his memorable flight, leapt into the air and was a brief shadow upon our hills and housetops. A thousand beginnings; and yet the past lingers. Morning, afternoon and evening sightseers roll along new roads that are not new but almost as old as Time itself; yet at night those outsiders must retire off the headland, leaving the quietudes to belonging hearts. It will be many years before all primeval memories are dissipated. The Japanese current, that "black tide," will be swinging off-shore, bringing early morning and late afternoon fogs with their enfolding hush, their silvery opalescence. The drift of westerlies will not veer because of the coming of many unseeing eyes, unhearing ears, unappreciative minds. City noises will find themselves stilled against the throb of eternal breakers whose thunders only contribute to the essential silence of this old land. There will continue forever, I hope, these majestic sky scenes which have been different during

every moment of our lives on Loma; blue always, early and late; a scale of blues descending from diaphanous, misty pale shades of morning to empurpled depths of starless midnight. During the nights of one week out of every four there will be the ineffable subdued splendor of the moonlit bay; during ten million moments of new sunrise there will be this sudden blinding glory of seas flashing white below; there will be the mystic violet dreaming isles floating in the westering seas . . . out there where Bolter's cutthroat masters were hanged; there will be the mountains rippling like gray veils in a slow wind. But neighbors who were as tender and understanding and loyal as dear kindred? No. but crickets? road-runners? lovelorn tree-frogs? coyotes yelping on the nearest hill? No. None of these will long remain. Nor loneliness; nor a certain modest consciousness of our insignificance. No. So very many, jaunting aimlessly hither, have looked down from the top of our mountain and imagined themselves the first to discover California.

Permission to reproduce the sonnets herein was given by **British Poetry Review, Overland Monthly, Lyric, Lyric West, American Poetry Magazine, Los Angeles Saturday Night, San Diego Independent** and **Beach News.**

INDEX

Acapulco, 36, 38-9, 46-7, 49-50, 52
Alvarado, Pedro de 28
Ames, J. J. 139-140
Anchorage, 14, 21, 31, 42
Anian, Strait 29, 34, 36
Arguellos 111, 115
Arthur, James P. 93
Arvaez, José 128-134
Ascensión, Fr. Antonio de la 39-42, 45-6
Atherton, Gertrude 43, 46, 91

Baja California 29, 66, 101, 117
Baker, Dr. Charlotte 26, 95
Baker, Dr. Fred 26, 95
Ballast Point 9, 13-5, 31-3, 35, 40, 68-77, 143-6, 150, 160, 165, 168-9
Bancroft, H. H. 6, 18, 26, 67, 83-4, 89-90, 92, 155
Bandini, Juan 86-8, 115-6
Beacons 6, 23, 143-7, 165
Bells 5, 78, 123, 165-6
Bennington 10, 148, 157, 162
Bibliography 26, 35, 46, 54, 64, 68, 86, 96, 106, 117, 136, 147, 158, 163
Bolter, Tom 129-136, 170
Bostick, Mrs. J. B. 147
Boston 13, 70, 75, 77, 88, 93, 110, 166, 169
Brookline, the 75, 89, 91-3, 121, 166
Burial places 148-158, 162

Cabrillo, Juan Rodríguez 5-6, 8-16, 18, 22, 24-37, 39-40, 43, 48, 55, 61, 68, 79, 110, 149-151, 164-5, 168
California, an Intimate History 43, 46
Camino Real 18, 110
Canyons, 17, 23-4, 127-136
Carretas 107-117
Carrillo, Josefa, 20, 115, 157, 166
Carrillos 67, 103, 110-111, 115, 120
Castillo 69-76, 143
Catalina Island 88
Catalonians 70, 120
Cattle 56, 88, 107-126, 165
Chapman, Charles E. 6, 32
Chicken Ranch Canyon 134
China Ship 47, 50
Cleveland, Richard J. 71-2
Coahuillas 18, 55
Coal Mine 167
Columbus 11, 29
Convicts 89, 128-133, 167
Coronado 22, 101-2, 111
Coronado Islands 30, 128, 170
Coronado Vásquez de 30
Costansó, Miguel 154
Cosoy 63
Couts, Cave Johnson 90
Cowboys 81, 118, 120-6
Customs House 56, 85-7, 90-1
Cuyamaca 8-9, 18, 65

Dana, Richard Henry Jr. 20, 86, 89-90, 92, 94-6, 142, 156
Dances 114-6, 144
Davidson, George 6, 79
Dead Men's Isles 30
Dead Men's Point 153, 155
Denis, Alberta Johnston 25
Derby, George Horatio 20, 138-143, 167
Diegueños 14, 18, 70, 143
Discovery, the 69, 81
Drake, Sir Francis 36-7
Dutch Flats 20, 138

Echeandía, Gov. José María 88, 111-2, 121-32

INDEX

Engelhardt, Fr. Zephyrin 6, 153
Estudillos 67, 108, 111, 120, 156

False Bay 44, 105, 116, 138-9, 141, 168
Fairbanks, Douglas 120, 123
Fernández, Martín 33-4
First Beginner 27-35
First Cowboys 118-126
First House of Prayer 6, 41, 165
Fitch, Henry Delano 20, 89, 92, 157
"Fight of the Paso del Mar" 97-100, 106
Flag, American 6, 93, 160
Fort Rosecrans 6, 64, 73-4, 94, 134
Foundlings 82, 100, 162
Franciscans 18, 59, 89

Galleons 43-4, 47-55, 58, 60
Gálvez, José de 66, 151-2
Gammon Shoal 31
Getz, T. J. 158
Gold 51, 78, 104, 119, 121, 128-130, 143, 145
Goliah, the 78, 141
Graves 6, 64, 142, 148-158
Guijarros, Point 31, 62, 81-3, 91
Guillen, Antonio 73, 157

Hackett, Samuel Warren 146-7
Harter, Mrs. Virgil O. 26
Herrera, José María 132-4
Hide Houses 56, 89-96, 142, 166
Hides 74, 78, 83, 87-97, 100, 109, 121, 167, 169
Hilliard, Mrs. J. L. 26, 155, 163
Hittell, Theodore H. 6
Holy Ground 148-158
Horses 112-4, 128, 167
Horton, Alonzo E. 145

Indian Trails 16-26, 59, 111, 162
Indians 8, 14, 16-26, 30, 32-3, 41-5, 55-6, 59-61, 63, 66-7, 70-72, 75, 78, 83-4, 89, 110-4, 116-7, 122-6, 128, 140, 143, 155, 162
Isle Loma 17, 32, 137-147
Israel, Henry 26, 147

Jan, Barnaby 75
Japan Current 52-3, 169
Jasper, James A. 106, 136, 163
Jennings, Mr. and Mrs. Frank 26
Johnsons (Whalers) 145-6

Kanakas 56, 89, 95
Katt, William 75
Kelp Bed 10, 30, 168
Kerren, Richard 144

"La Golondrina" 115
"La Loma" 100-6, 156, 162
La Playa, 13-5, 20, 55-7, 64-77, 80-105, 110-5, 121, 128, 130, 132, 141, 144, 155-6, 161, 168
La Punta de la Loma 65
Lelia Byrd, the 69-76, 83, 143, 166
Life in California 86
Lighthouses 10, 111, 142-7
Lindbergh, Col. C. A. 138, 169

McGregor, Margaret 159-163
Machados 67, 111
Magruder, J. B. 141, 167
Mangel Roots 116
Many Beginnings 164-170

INDEX

Marine Base 138, 153
Mayflower, the 11-13, 155
McGroarty, John Steven 88
Meléndez, Sebastián 38, 44
Mendocino, Cape 38, 53
Middle Ground 31
Mission Bay 44, 138
Missions 58-60, 68, 81, 83, 91, 110, 121, 124
Mission Valley 138
Mix, Tom 120
Monterey 37, 43, 48, 50, 60, 63, 75, 81, 88, 124, 133, 153
Mormon Soldiers 6, 167
Mormon Well 6, 167

Nantucket 145, 166
Naval Training Station 153
New Bedford 20, 88, 145, 156, 166
North Island 23, 101-2, 111, 145, 156

Ocean Beach 19, 111
Old Town 20, 64, 67, 75, 85, 91, 108-116, 138-141, 144, 160, 165, 167
Old Ships 77-86
"Old Spanish" Light 21, 23, 74, 111, 143-7
Orcutt, C. R. 163
Orizaba, the 78
Otters 64, 71-7, 83-4, 133, 166
Owl Roost 134
Ox Carts 107-117

Pacheco, Romualdo 111, 115
Pacific Coast 9, 13, 17, 29, 31, 45, 57, 68
Packards (Whalers) 145-6
Palomar 17, 118-9
Paso del Mar 21, 97-106
Pattie, James Ohio 89, 115
Pérez, Juan 55-7, 60-3, 66, 110, 148, 152-3, 168
Pest House 153
Peyri, Padre Antonio 91-2
"Phoenix, John" 138-143, 167
Pico, Pío 20, 110, 122, 145, 166
Picos 111, 115
Playa Trail 19-21, 63, 71, 75, 91, 139, 166
Point of California 32, 37, 45, 150, 165
Point of San Diego 46, 50, 56, 150-1
Portolá, Gaspar de 65-6, 80, 88, 124, 155
Portuguese 14, 27, 34, 89, 155
Presidio of San Diego 59, 67-72, 75, 82, 85, 91, 108, 111-2, 121,124

Quarantine Station 94, 156

"Ramona's Marriage Place" 108, 156
Reiner, Joe 145-6
Rita, Doña 159-163
Robinson, Alfred D. 20, 75, 86, 90-3
Rocks Trail 19, 21, 111
Rodríguez, Manuel 70-2, 143, 166
Rogers, Will 120
Rose, Miss Henrietta 158
Rose, Louis J. 156
Russian Oven 56, 94-5
Russian Wells 102, 145

Sacred Expedition 56, 59, 60
San Antonio, the 55, 60-3, 66, 80, 152, 165
San Carlos, the 60-4, 66, 80-1, 151, 165
San Diego, the 38-9, 79-80

INDEX

San Diego Bay 19, 31, 43-5, 48, 59, 86, 107, 141-2, 145, 166-8
San Diego Herald 139-143
San Diego Mission 18, 21, 80, 121, 124
San Diego River 19, 110, 138-140, 144, 153, 167
San Diego Union 156
San Francisco 59, 78, 117, 121, 128, 168
San Gabriel 157
San Luis Rey 21, 91
San Miguel Island 34, 149
San Miguel Mountain 8-9
San Miguel port 32, 40, 43
San Pasqual 157
San Salvador, the 5, 13, 27-8, 30, 78, 150
Santa Barbara 34, 75
Santa Ysabel 21, 88
Santo Tomás, the 38-40
Scurvy 8, 30, 62, 70, 80, 150-8
Second Beginner 36-46
Serra, Fr. Junípero 31, 57, 59, 65-6, 80, 119, 124-5, 154-5
Serrano, Luis 26
Shaler, William 71-6
"Shirt-tail flag" 6, 93, 166
Shore Ways 87-96
Smith, Jedediah 89
Smuggling 56, 74, 78, 88, 167
Smythe, W. E. 153, 162
South Sea 25, 38, 40, 48, 60, 64
Spanish Castillo 69-76
Stephens, John 75

Table Mountain 8-9
Taylor, Bayard 21, 97, 100-6
Third, and Last, Beginning 55-64
Trails 16-26, 110, 158, 167
Trees on Point Loma 40-1, 44-5, 159-163
Tidal Gauge 142
Torquemada, Fr. 40, 151, 163-4
Two Years Before the Mast 86, 94-6

Unbroken Stillness 5-7

Vancouver, George 69, 81-2
Velásquez, José 69, 73-5
Victoria, the 5, 13, 28, 30, 78, 150
Vila, Vicente 60, 62-4, 66, 152-5, 168
Vizcaíno, Sebastián 6, 31, 36-58, 61, 68, 79-80, 110, 148, 150-1, 165, 168

Well Canyon 134
Whaley, C. Lillian 26, 147, 163
Whaling 85, 88, 144-7, 160
"When You and I Were Young, Maggie," 161-2
Where California Began 8-15
Windmill Canyon 134

Yankee Ships 71-86, 90-4, 144, 169

Zuñiga, Gaspar de 37-8
Zuñiga, José de 69
Zuñiga Shoal 168
Zamorano, Agustín V. 111, 115

1249